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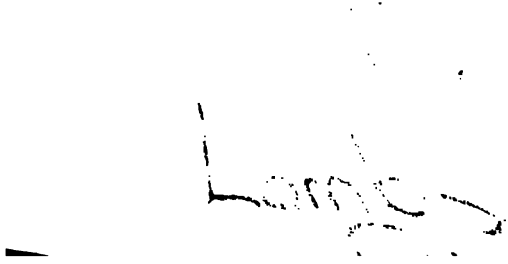

MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

SEVERAL YOUNG LADIES,

RELATED BY THEMSELVES.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

PHILADELPHIA:
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MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL.

DEDICATION

TO THE

YOUNG LADIES AT AMWELL SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

THOUGH released from the business of the school, the absence of your Governess confines me to Amwell during the vacation. I cannot better employ my leisure hours than in contributing to the amusement of you, my kind Pupils, who, by your affectionate attentions to my instructions, have rendered a life of labour pleasant to me.

On your return to school, I hope to have a fair copy ready to present to each of

of your own biographical conversations l
winter.

Accept my thanks for the approbation y
were pleased to express when I offered to
come your amanuensis. I hope you will f
I have executed the office with a tolera
faithful pen, as you know I took notes e
day during those conversations, and arran
my materials after you were retired to rest.

I begin from the day our school commenc
It was opened by your Governess for the fi
time, on the —— day of February. I pass o
your several arrivals on the morning of tl
day. Your Governess received you from yc
friends in her own parlour.

Every carriage that drove from the doo
knew had left a sad heart behind. Your ey
were red with weeping, when your Governe
introduced me to you as the teacher she h
engaged to instruct you. She next desired
to show you into the room which we now c
the play-room. "The Ladies," said she, "

play and amuse themselves, and be as happy as they please this evening, that they may be well acquainted with each other before they enter the school-room to-morrow morning."

The traces of tears were on every cheek, and I also was sad; for I, like you, had parted from my friends; and the duties of my profession were new to me; yet I felt that it was improper to give way to my own melancholy thoughts. I knew that it was my first duty to divert the solitary young strangers; for I considered that this was very unlike the entrance to an old established school, where there is always some good-natured girl who will show attentions to a new scholar, and take pleasure in initiating her into the customs and amusements of the place. These, thought I, have their own amusements to invent, their own customs to establish. How unlike too is this forlorn meeting to old school-fellows returning after the holidays, when mutual greetings soon lighten the memory of parting sorrow!

I invited you to draw near a brigl which blazed in the chimney, and look only cheerful thing in the room.

During our first solemn silence, whicl may remember, was only broken by re requests that you would make a smalle still smaller circle, till I saw the fire fairly enclosed round, the idea came int mind, which has since been a source of a ment to you in the recollection, and to n in particular has been of essential benefi enabled me to form a just estimate of th positions of you, my young Pupils, and as me to adopt my plan of future instructic each individual temper.

An introduction to a point we wish to we always feel to be an awkward affai generally execute it in an awkward ma so I believe I did then; for when I imp this idea to you, I think I prefaced it too formally for such young auditors; began with telling you, that I had read i

"Begin," said I, "with your name, for that at present is unknown to us. Tell us the first thing you can remember; relate what happened to make a great impression on you when you were very young, and if you find you can connect your story till your arrival here to-day, I am sure we shall listen to you with pleasure; and if you like to break off, and only treat us with a part of your history, we will excuse you, with many thanks for the amusement which you have afforded us; and the young lady who has drawn the second number will, I hope, take her turn with the same indulgence, to relate either all, or any part of the events of her life, as best pleases her own fancy, or as she finds she can manage it with the most ease to herself."—Encouraged by this offer of indulgence, Miss Villiers began.

If in my report of her story, or in any which follow, I shall appear to make her or you speak an older language than it seems probable that you should use, speaking in your own words,

are the hero or heroine of their own tale;—the *Who should begin* was next in question.

I proposed to draw lots, which formed a little amusement of itself. Miss Manners, who till then had been the saddest of the sad, began to brighten, and said it was just like drawing king and queen, and began to tell us where she passed last twelfth-day; but as her narration must have interfered with the more important business of the lottery, I advised her to postpone it, till it came to her turn to favour us with the history of her life, when it would appear in its proper order. The first number fell to the share of Miss Villiers, whose joy at drawing what we called the *first prize*, was tempered with shame, at appearing as the first historian in the company. She wished she had not been the very first; she had passed all her life in a retired village, and had nothing to relate of herself that could give the least entertainment; she had not the least idea in the *world where to* begin.

authors, that it was not unfrequent in former times, when strangers were assembled together, as we might be, for them to amuse themselves with telling stories, either of their own lives, or the adventures of others. "Will you allow me, Ladies," I continued, "to persuade you to amuse yourselves in this way? You will not then look so unsociably upon each other; for we find that these strangers of whom we read, were as well acquainted before the conclusion of the first story, as if they had known each other many years. Let me prevail upon you to relate some little anecdotes of your own lives. Fictitious tales we can read in books, and they were therefore better adapted to conversation in those times when books of amusement were more scarce than they are at present."

After many objections of not knowing what to say or how to begin, which I overcame by assuring you how easy it would be, for that every *person* is naturally eloquent when they

it must be remembered, that what is very proper and becoming when spoken, requires to be arranged with some little difference before it can be set down in writing. Little inaccuracies must be pared away, and the whole must assume a more formal and correct appearance. My own way of thinking, I am sensible, will too often intrude itself; but I have endeavoured to preserve, as exactly as I could, your own words, and your own peculiarities of style and manner, and to approve myself

Your faithful historiographer,
as well as true friend,
M. B.

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"With much satisfaction do we express our unqualified praise of these elegant and most instructive Tales; they are delightfully simple, and exquisitely told. The child or parent who reads the little history of Elizabeth Villiers will, in spite of any resolution to the contrary, be touched to the heart, if not melted into tears. Morose and crabbed censors as we are represented to be, we closed the volume, wishing there had been another, and lamenting that we had got to the end."

Critical Review.

page 15 - 12 missing

in our pleasure. I saw him take his hat and walk out, and I secretly hoped he was gone *beyond seas again*, from whence Susan had told me he had come. Where *beyond seas* was I could not tell; but I concluded it was somewhere a great way off. I took my seat on the churchyard stile, and kept looking down the road, and saying, "I hope I shall not see my uncle again. I hope my uncle will not come from *beyond seas* any more;" but I said this very softly, and had a kind of notion that I was in a perverse ill-humoured fit. Here I sat till my uncle returned from the market town with his new purchases. I saw him come walking very fast with a parcel under his arm. I was very sorry to see him, and I frowned, and tried to look very cross. He untied his parcel, and said, "Betsy, I have brought you a pretty book." I turned my head away, and said, "I don't want a book;" but I could not help peeping again to look at it. In the hurry of opening the parcel, he had scattered all the books upon the ground, and there I saw fine gilt covers and gay pictures all fluttering about. What a fine sight!—All my resentment vanished, and *I held* up my face to kiss him, that being

my way of thanking my father far any e
dinary favour.

My uncle had brought himself into a
troublesome office; he had heard me s
well, that he thought there was nothing
but to put books into my hand, and I
read; yet, notwithstanding I spelt to
well, the letters in my new library w
much smaller than I had been accustoi
they were like Greek characters to me.
make nothing at all of them. The hones
was not to be discouraged by this diff
though unused to play the schoolmas
taught me to read the small print, wi
wearied diligence and patience; and wh
he saw my father and me look as if we
to resume our visits to the grave, he
propose some pleasant ramble; and if my
said it was too far for the child to w
would set me on his shoulder, and say, '
Betsy shall ride;" and in this manner
carried me many, many miles.

In these pleasant excursions my unc
dom forgot to make Susan furnish him
luncheon, which, though it generally ha
every day, made a constant surprise to m

ınd me, when, seated under some shady tree, ıe pulled it out of his pocket, and began to listribute his little store; and then I used to ›eep into the other pocket, to see if there were ıot some currant wine there, and the little bottle ›f water for me; if, perchance, the water was ›rgot, then it made another joke,—that poor 3etsy must be forced to drink a little drop of ›ine. These are childish things to tell of; ınd, instead of my own silly history, I wish could remember the entertaining stories my ıncle used to relate of his voyages and travels, vhile we sat under the shady trees, eating our ıoon-tide meal.

The long visit my uncle made us was such n important event in my life, that I fear I hall tire your patience with talking of him; ıut when he is gone, the remainder of my story vill be but short.

The summer months passed away, but not wiftly;—the pleasant walks, and the charming tories of my uncle's adventures, made them eem like years to me; I remember the approach ›f winter by the warm great coat he bought for ne, and how proud I was when I first put it ›n; and that he called me Little Red Riding

Hood, and bade me beware of wolves; an
I laughed, and said there were no such t
now: then he told me how many wolves
bears, and tigers, and lions he had met
in uninhabited lands, that were like Rob
Crusoe's island. O these were happy da

In the winter our walks were shorter an
frequent. My books were now my chief a
ment, though my studies were often interr
by a game of romps with my uncle, whic
often ended in a quarrel, because he play
roughly; yet long before this I dearly
my uncle, and the improvement I made
he was with us was very great indeed. I
now read very well, and the continual hal
listening to the conversation of my fathe
my uncle made me a little woman in u
standing; so that my father said to him, "J
you have made my child quite a companio
little being."

My father often left me alone with my u
sometimes to write his sermons; sometim
visit the sick, or give counsel to his poor n
bours: then my uncle used to hold long
versations with me, telling me how I sh
strive to make my father happy, and ende

to improve myself when he was gone—now I began justly to understand why he had taken such pains to keep my father from visiting my mother's grave, that grave which I often stole privately to look at; but now never without awe and reverence, for my uncle used to tell me what an excellent lady my mother was, and I now thought of her as having been a real mamma, which before seemed an ideal something, no way connected with life. And he told me that the ladies from the Manor-house, who sate in the best pew in the church, were not so graceful, and the best women in the village were not so good, as was my sweet mamma; and that if she had lived, I should not have been forced to pick up a little knowledge from him, a rough sailor, or to learn to knit and sew of Susan, but that she would have taught me all lady-like fine works, and delicate behaviour, and perfect manners, and would have selected for me proper books, such as were most fit to instruct my mind, and of which he knew nothing. If ever in my life I shall have any proper sense of what is excellent or becoming in the womanly character, I owe it to these lessons of my rough *unpolished* uncle; for, in telling me what my

mother would have made me, he taught me what to wish to be; and when, soon after my uncle left us, I was introduced to the ladies at the Manor-house, instead of hanging down my head with shame, as I should have done before my uncle came, like a little village rustic, I tried to speak distinctly, with ease, and a modest gentleness, as my uncle had said my mother used to do: instead of hanging down my head abashed, I looked upon them, and thought what a pretty sight a fine lady was, and how well my mother must have appeared since she was so much more graceful than these high ladies were; and when I heard them compliment my father on the admirable behaviour of his child, and say how well he had brought me up, I thought to myself, "Papa does not much mind my manners, if I am but a good girl; but it was my uncle that taught me to behave like mamma."—I cannot now think my uncle was so rough and unpolished as he said he was, for his lessons were so good and impressive, that I shall never forget them, and I hope they will be of use to me as long as I live; he would *explain to me* the meaning of all the words he

used, such as grace and elegance, modest diffidence and affectation, pointing out instances of what he meant by those words, in the manners of the ladies and their young daughters who came to our church; for besides the ladies of the Manor-house, many of the neighbouring families came to our church, because my father preached so well.

It must have been early in the spring when my uncle went away, for the crocuses were just blown in the garden, and the primroses had begun to peep from under the young budding hedge-rows.—I cried as if my heart would break, when I had the last sight of him through a little opening among the trees, as he went down the road. My father accompanied him to the market-town, from whence he was to proceed in the stage-coach to London. How tedious I thought all Susan's endeavours to comfort me were. The stile where I first saw my uncle came into my mind, and I thought I would go and sit there, and think about that day; but I was no sooner seated there, than I remembered how I had frightened him by taking him foolishly to my mother's grave, and then again how naughty

I had been when I sate muttering to myself at this same stile, wishing that he, who had gone so far to buy me books, might never come back any more; all my little quarrels with my uncle came into my mind, now that I could never play with him again, and it almost broke my heart. I was forced to run into the house to Susan for that consolation I had just before despised.

Some days after this, as I was sitting by the fire with my father, after it was dark, and before the candles were lighted, I gave him an account of my troubled conscience at the church-stile, when I remembered how unkind I had been to my uncle when he first came, and how sorry I still was, whenever I thought of the many quarrels I had had with him.

My father smiled, and took hold of my hand, saying, "I will tell you all about this, my little penitent. This is the sort of way in which we all feel, when those we love are taken from us.—When our dear friends are with us, we go on enjoying their society, without much thought or consideration of the blessing we are possessed of, nor do we too nicely weigh *the measure of* our daily actions—we let them

freely share our kind or our discontented moods: and, if any little bickerings disturb our friendship, it does but the more endear us to each other when we are in a happier temper. But these things come over us like grievous faults when the object of our affection is gone for ever. Your dear mamma and I had no quarrels; yet in the first day of my lonely sorrow, how many things came into my mind, that I might have done to have made her happier. It is so with you, my child. You did all a child could do to please your uncle, and dearly did he love you; and these little things which now disturb your tender mind were remembered with delight by your uncle; he was telling me in our last walk, just perhaps as you were thinking about it with sorrow, of the difficulty he had in getting into your good graces when he first came: he will think of these things with pleasure when he is far away. Put away from you this unfounded grief; only let it be a lesson to you, to be as kind as possible to those you love; and remember, when they are gone from you, you will never think you had been kind enough. Such feelings as you have now described are the lot of humanity. So you *will feel* when I am no more, and so will you

children feel when you are dead. But yc uncle will come back again, Betsy, and we v now think of where we are to get the cage keep the talking parrot in, he is to bring hon and go and tell Susan to bring the candles, a ask her if the nice cake is almost baked, tl she promised to give us for our tea."

At this point, my dear Miss Villiers, y thought fit to break off your story, and the r eyes of your young auditors seemed to conf that you had succeeded in moving their feelir with your pretty narrative. It now fell by to the turn of Miss Manners to relate her sto and we were all sufficiently curious to kn what so very young an historian had to tell herself.—I shall continue the narratives for t future in the order in which they followed, wi out mentioning any of the interruptions whi occurred from the asking of questions, or fr any other cause, unless materially connect with the stories. I shall also leave out t apologies with which you severally thought to preface your stories of yourselves, thou they were very seasonable in their place, a proceeded from a proper diffidence, because must not swell my work to too large a size.

II.

LOUISA MANNERS.

My name is Louisa Manners; I was seven years of age last birthday, which was on the first of May. I remember only four birthdays. The day I was four years old was the first that I recollect. On the morning of that day, as soon as I awoke, I crept into mamma's bed, and said, "Open your eyes, my mamma, for it is my birthday. Open your eyes and look at me!" Then mamma told me I should ride in a post-chaise, and see my grandmamma and my sister Sarah. Grandmamma lived at a farm-house in the country, and I had never in all my life been out of London; no, nor had I ever seen a bit of green grass, except in the Drapers' Garden, which is near my papa's house in Broad-Street; nor had I ever rode in a carriage *before* that happy birthday.

I ran about the house talking of where I w
going, and rejoicing so that it was my bir
day, that when I got into the chaise I was tir
and fell asleep.

When I awoke, I saw the green fields
both sides of the chaise, and the fields were fi
quite full, of bright shining yellow flowers, a
sheep and young lambs were feeding in th
I jumped, and clapped my hands together
joy, and I cried, This is

"Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs,"

for I knew many of Watts's hymns by hear

The trees and hedges seemed to fly swif
by us, and one field, and the sheep, and
young lambs, passed away; and then anot
field came, and that was full of cows; and th
another field, and all the pretty sheep return
and there was no end of these charming sig
till we came quite to grandmamma's hou
which stood all alone by itself, no house to
seem at all near it.

Grandmamma was very glad to see r
and she was very sorry that I did not reme
ber her, though I had been so fond of her wh
she was in town but a few months before.

vas quite ashamed of my bad memory. My ister Sarah showed me all the beautiful places bout grandmamma's house. She first took ıe into the farm-yard, and I peeped into the arn; there I saw a man threshing, and as he eat the corn with his flail, he made such a readful noise, that I was frightened, and ran way; my sister persuaded me to return; she ıid Will Tasker was very good-natured; ıen I went back, and peeped at him again; ut as I could not reconcile myself to the sound f his flail, or the sight of his black beard, we roceeded to see the rest of the farm-yard.

There was no end to the curiosities that ırah had to show me. There was the pond here the ducks were swimming, and the little ooden houses where the hens slept at night. he hens were feeding all over the yard, and ıe prettiest little chickens, they were feeding o, and little yellow ducklings that had a hen r their mamma. She was so frightened if ıey went near the water. Grandmamma says hen is not esteemed a very wise bird.

We went out of the farm-yard into the or-ıard. O what a sweet place grandmamma's rchard *is!* There were pear-trees, and apple-

trees, and cherry-trees, all in blossom. These blossoms were the prettiest flowers that ever were seen; and among the grass under the trees there grew butter-cups, and cowslips, and daffodils, and blue-bells. Sarah told me all their names, and she said I might pick as many of them as ever I pleased.

I filled my lap with flowers, I filled my bosom with flowers, and I carried as many flowers as I could in both my hands; but as I was going into the parlour to show them to my mamma, I stumbled over a threshold which was placed across the parlour, and down I fell with all my treasure.

Nothing could have so well pacified me for the misfortune of my fallen flowers, as the sight of a delicious syllabub which happened at that moment to be brought in. Grandmamma said it was a present from the red cow to me, because it was my birthday; and then because it was the first of May, she ordered the syllabub to be placed under the May-bush that grew before the parlour-door, and when we were seated on the grass round it, she helped me the very first to a large glass full of the syllabub, and *wished me* many happy returns of that day, and

then she said I was myself the sweetest little May-blossom in the orchard.

After the syllabub, there was the garden to see, and a most beautiful garden it was;—long and narrow, a straight gravel-walk down the middle of it; at the end of the gravel-walk there was a green arbour with a bench under it.

There were rows of cabbages and radishes, and pease and beans. I was delighted to see them, for I never saw so much as a cabbage growing out of the ground before.

On one side of this charming garden there were a great many bee-hives, and the bees sung so prettily.

Mamma said, "Have you nothing to say to these pretty bees, Louisa?" Then I said to them,

"How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day from every opening flower."

They had a most beautiful flower-bed to gather it from quite close under the hives.

I was going to catch one bee, till Sarah told me about their sting, which made me afraid for a long time to go too near their hives; but I *went a little* nearer, and a little nearer every

day, and before I came away from grandmamma's, I grew so bold, I let Will Tasker hold me over the glass windows at the top of the hive, to see them make honey in their own home.

After seeing the garden, I saw the cows milked, and that was the last sight I saw that day; for while I was telling mamma about the cows, I fell fast asleep, and I suppose I was then put to bed.

The next morning my papa and mamma were gone. I cried sadly, but was a little comforted at hearing they would return in a month or two, and fetch me home. I was a foolish little thing then, and did not know how long a month was. Grandmamma gave me a little basket to gather my flowers in. I went into the orchard, and before I had half filled my basket, I forgot all my troubles.

The time I passed at my grandmamma's is always in my mind. Sometimes I think of the good-natured pied cow, that would let me stroke her while the dairy-maid was milking her. Then I fancy myself running after the *dairy*-maid into the nice clean dairy, and see *the pans* full of milk and cream. Then I re-

ıember the wood-house; it had once been a ırge barn, but being grown old, the wood was ept there. My sister and I used to peep about mong the fagots, to find the eggs the hens ɔmetimes left there. Birds' nests we might ot look for. Grandmamma was very angry nce, when Will Tasker brought home a bird's est, full of pretty speckled eggs, for me. She ɜnt him back to the hedge with it again. She ıid the little birds would not sing any more, their eggs were taken from them.

A hen, she said, was a hospitable bird, and ways laid more eggs than she wanted, on ırpose to give her mistress, to make puddings ıd custards with.

I do not know which pleased grandmamma ɜst, when we carried her home a lap-full of ;gs, or a few violets; for she was particularly nd of violets.

Violets were very scarce; we used to search ry carefully for them every morning, round r the orchard hedge, and Sarah used to carry stick in her hand to beat away the nettles; r very frequently the hens left their eggs ıong the nettles. If we could find eggs and olets *too*, what happy children we were!

Every day I used to fill my basket with flowers, and for a long time I liked one pretty flower as well as another pretty flower; but Sarah was much wiser than me, and she taught me which to prefer.

Grandmamma's violets were certainly best of all, but they never went in the basket, being carried home, almost flower by flower, as soon as they were found, therefore blue-bells might be said to be the best, for the cowslips were all withered and gone before I learned the true value of flowers. The best blue-bells were those tinged with red; some were so very red that we called them red blue-bells, and these Sarah prized very highly indeed. Daffodils were so very plentiful, they were not thought worth gathering, unless they were double ones; and butter-cups I found were very poor flowers indeed, yet I would pick one now and then, because I knew they were the very same flowers that had delighted me so in the journey; for my papa had told me they were.

I was very careful to love best the flowers which Sarah praised most, yet sometimes, I confess, I have even picked a daisy, though I *knew it was the* very worst flower of all, be-

cause it reminded me of London, and the Drapers' Garden; for, happy as I was at grandmamma's I could not help sometimes thinking of my papa and mamma, and then I used to tell my sister all about London; how the houses stood all close to each other; what a pretty noise the coaches made; and what a many people there were in the streets. After we had been talking on these subjects, we generally used to go into the old wood-house, and play at being in London. We used to set up bits of wood for houses; our two dolls we called papa and mamma; in one corner we made a little garden with grass and daisies, and that was to be the Drapers' Garden. I would not have any other flowers here than daisies, because no other grew among the grass in the real Drapers' Garden. Before the time of hay-making came, it was very much talked of. Sarah told me what a merry time it would be, for she remembered every thing which had happened for a year or more. She told me how nicely we should throw the hay about. I was very desirous indeed to see the hay made.

To be sure, nothing could be more pleasant *than the day* the orchard was mowed; the hay

smelled so sweet, and we might toss it about
much as ever we pleased; but, dear me, w
often wish for things that do not prove
happy as we expected; the hay, which was
first so green, and smelled so sweet, became ye
low and dry, and was carried away in a cart
feed the horses; and then, when it was all gon
and there was no more to play with, I look
upon the naked ground, and perceived wh
we had lost in these few merry days. Ladie
would you believe it, every flower, blue-bel
daffodils, butter-cups, daisies, all were cut c
by the cruel scythe of the mower. No flow
was to be seen at all, except here and there
short solitary daisy, that a week before o
would not have looked at.

It was a grief indeed to me, to lose all m
pretty flowers; yet when we are in great di
tress, there is always, I think, something whi
happens to comfort us; and so it happen
now that gooseberries and currants were almo
ripe, which was certainly a very pleasant pr
spect. Some of them began to turn red, and,
we never disobeyed grandmamma, we used oft
to consult together, if it was likely she wou
permit us to eat them yet; then we would pi

a few that looked the ripest, and run to ask her if she thought they were ripe enough to eat, and the uncertainty what her opinion would be, made them doubly sweet if she gave us leave to eat them.

When the currants and gooseberries were quite ripe, grandmamma had a sheep-shearing. All the sheep stood under the trees to be sheared. They were brought out of the field by old Spot, the shepherd. I stood at the orchard-gate, and saw him drive them all in. When they had cropped off all their wool, they looked very clean, and white, and pretty; but, poor things, they ran shivering about with cold, so that it was a pity to see them. Great preparations were making all day for the sheep-shearing supper. Sarah said, a sheep-shearing was not to be compared to a harvest-home, *that* was so much better, for that then the oven was quite full of plum-pudding, and the kitchen was very hot indeed with roasting beef; yet I can assure you there was no want at all of either roast-beef or plum-pudding at the sheep-shearing.

My sister and I were permitted to sit up till *it was almost* dark, to see the company at sup-

per. They sat at a long oak table, which
finely carved, and as bright as a looking-gl

I obtained a great deal of praise that
because I replied so prettily when I was spo
to. My sister was more shy than me; n
having lived in London was the reason of
After the happiest day, bed-time will co
We sate up late; but at last grandmamma
us to bed: yet though we went to bed, we h
many charming songs sung: to be sure
could not distinguish the words, which w
pity, but the sound of their voices was
loud and very fine indeed.

The common supper that we had every n
was very cheerful. Just before the men c
out of the field, a large fagot was flung on
fire; the wood used to crackle and blaze,
smell delightfully; and then the crickets,
they loved the fire, they used to sing; and
Spot, the shepherd, who loved the fire as
as the crickets did, he used to take his plac
the chimney corner; after the hottest da
summer, there old Spot used to sit. It w
seat within the fire-place, quite under the ch
ney, and over his head the bacon hung.

When old Spot was seated, the milk

hung in a skillet over the fire, and then the men used to come and sit down at the long white table.

Pardon me, my dear Louisa, that I interrupted you here. You are a little woman now to what you were then; and I may say to you, that though I loved to hear you prattle of your early recollections, I thought I perceived some ladies present were rather weary of hearing so much of the visit to grandmamma. You may remember I asked you some questions concerning your papa and mamma, which led you to speak of your journey home: but your little town-bred head was so full of the pleasures of a country life, that you first made many apologies that you were unable to tell what happened during the harvest, as unfortunately you were fetched home the very day before it began.

III.

ANN WITHERS.

My name you know is Withers, bu
once thought I was the daughter of Sir I
and Lady Harriet Lesley, I shall speak of
as Miss Lesley, and call Sir Edward an
Harriet my father and mother during the
I supposed them entitled to those t
names. When I was a little girl, it w
perpetual subject of my contemplation,
was an heiress, and the daughter of a ba
that my mother was the Honourable Lad
riet; that we had a nobler mansion, in
finer pleasure-grounds, and equipages
splendid than any of the neighbouring fa
Indeed, my good friends, having observ
thing of this error of mine in either of th
which have hitherto been related, I am as
to confess what a proud child I once was.

it happened I cannot tell, for my father was esteemed the best bred man in the country, and the condescension and affability of my mother were universally spoken of.

"Oh, my dear friend," said Miss ———, "it was very natural indeed, if you supposed you possessed these advantages. We make no comparative figure in the county, and my father was originally a man of no consideration at all; and yet I can assure you, both he and mamma had a prodigious deal of trouble to break me of this infirmity, when I was very young."—"And do reflect for a moment," said Miss Villiers, "from whence could proceed any pride in me—a poor curate's daughter;—at least any pride worth speaking of; for the difficulty my father had to make me feel myself on an equality with a miller's little daughter who visited me, did not seem an anecdote worth relating. My father, from his profession, is accustomed to look into these things, and whenever he has observed any tendency to this fault in me, and has made me sensible of my error, I, who am rather a weak-spirited girl, have been so much distressed at *his reproofs*, that to restore me to my own good

opinion, he would make me sensible that pri
is a defect inseparable from human natu
showing me, in our visits to the poorest labo
ers, how pride would, as he expressed
'prettily peep out from under their ragg
garbs.'—My father dearly loved the poor.
persons of a superior rank to our own hum
one, I wanted not much assistance from my
ther's nice discernment to know that it exis
there; and for these latter he would alw
claim that toleration from me, which he s
he observed I was less willing to allow thar
the former instances. 'We are told in h
writ,' he would say, 'that it is easier fo
camel to go through the eye of a needle, t
for a rich man to enter into the kingdom
heaven. Surely this is not meant alone
warn the affluent: it must also be underst
as an expressive illustration, to instruct
lowly-fortuned man, that he should bear w
those imperfections, inseparable from that d
gerous prosperity from which he is happ
exempt.'—But we sadly interrupt your stor

"You are very kind, ladies, to speak w
so much indulgence of my foible," said M
Withers, and was going to proceed, w

little Louisa Manners, asked, "Pray are not equipages carriages?" "Yes, Miss Manners, an equipage is a carriage." "Then I am sure if my papa had but one equipage I should be very proud; for once when my papa talked of keeping a one-horse chaise, I never was so proud of any thing in my life: I used to dream of riding in it, and imagine I saw my playfellows walking past me in the streets."

"Oh, my dear Miss Manners," replied Miss Withers, "your young head might well run on a thing so new to you; but you have preached an useful lesson to me in your own pretty rambling story, which I shall not easily forget. When you were speaking with such delight of the pleasure the sight of a farm-yard, an orchard, and a narrow slip of kitchen-garden gave you, and could for years preserve so lively the memory of one short ride, and that probably through a flat uninteresting country, I remembered how early I learned to disregard the face of Nature, unless she were decked in picturesque scenery; how wearisome our parks and grounds became to me, unless some improvements were going forward which I thought would attract notice; but those days are gone!—I will now

proceed in my story, and bring you acquainted with my real parents.

Alas! I am a changeling, substituted by my mother for the heiress of the Lesley family: it was for my sake she did this naughty deed; yet, since the truth has been known, it seems to me as if I had been the only sufferer by it: remembering no time when I was not Harriet Lesley, it seems as if the change had taken from me my birthright.

Lady Harriet had intended to nurse her child herself; but being seized with a violent fever soon after its birth, she was not only unable to nurse it, but even to see it, for several weeks. I was not quite a month old at this time, when my mother was hired to be Miss Lesley's nurse—she had once been a servant in the family—her husband was then at sea.

She had been nursing Miss Lesley a few days, when a girl who had the care of me brought me into the nursery to see my mother. It happened that she wanted something from her own home, which she despatched the girl to fetch, and desired her to leave me till her return. In her absence she changed our clothes, then keeping me to personate the child

was nursing, she sent away the daughter of Sir Edward to be brought up in her own poor cottage.

When my mother sent away the girl, she affirmed she had not the least intention of committing this bad action; but after she was left alone with us, she looked on me, and then on the little lady-babe, and she wept over me, to think she was obliged to leave me to the charge of a careless girl, debarred from my own natural food, while she was nursing another person's child.

The laced cap and the fine cambric robe of the little Harriet were lying on the table ready to be put on: in these she dressed me, only just to see how pretty her own dear baby would look in missy's fine clothes. When she saw me thus adorned, she said to me, "O, my dear Ann, you look as like missy as any thing can be. I am sure my lady herself, if she were well enough to see you, would not know the difference." She said these words aloud, and while she was speaking, a wicked thought came into her head—how easy it would be to change these children! On which she hastily dressed *Harriet in my* coarse raiment. She had no

sooner finished the transformation of Miss Lesley into the poor Ann Withers, than the girl returned, and carried her away, without the least suspicion that it was not the same infant that she had brought thither.

It was wonderful that no one discovered that I was not the same child. Every fresh face that came into the room filled the nurse with terror. The servants still continued to pay their compliments to the baby in the same form as usual, saying, How like it is to its papa! Nor did Sir Edward himself perceive the difference, his lady's illness probably engrossing all his attention at the time; though, indeed, gentlemen seldom take much notice of very young children.

When Lady Harriet began to recover, and the nurse saw me in her arms caressed as her own child, all fears of detection were over; but the pangs of remorse then seized her: as her dear sick lady hung with tears of fondness over me, she thought she should have died with sorrow, for having so cruelly deceived her.

When I was a year old, Mrs. Withers was discharged; and because she had been observed *to nurse me* with uncommon care and affec-

and was seen to shed many tears at parting from me, to reward her fidelity, Sir Edward settled a small pension on her, and she was allowed to come every Sunday to dine in the housekeeper's room, and see her little lady.

When she went home, it might have been expected she would have neglected the child she had so wickedly stolen; instead of which she nursed it with the greatest tenderness, being very sorry for what she had done; all the ease she could ever find for her troubled conscience, was in her extreme care of this injured child; and in the weekly visits to its father's house she constantly brought it with her. At the time I have the earliest recollection of her, she was become a widow, and with the pension Sir Edward allowed her, and some plain-work she did for our family, she maintained herself and her supposed daughter. The doting fondness she showed for her child was much talked of; it was said, she waited upon it more like a servant than a mother; and it was observed, its clothes were always made, as far as her slender means would permit, in the same fashion, and her hair cut and curled in the same form, as mine. To this person, as having been my faithful

nurse, and to her child, I was always taugh show particular civility, and the little girl always brought into the nursery to play v me. Ann was a little delicate thing, and markably well-behaved; for though so m indulged in every other respect, my mother very attentive to her manners.

As the child grew older, my mother bec very uneasy about her education. She wa very desirous of having her well-behaved, she feared to send her to school, lest she shc learn ill manners among the village child with whom she never suffered her to play; she was such a poor scholar herself, that could teach her little or nothing. I heard relate this her distress to my own maid, v tears in her eyes, and I formed a resolutior beg of my parents that I might have for a companion, and that she might allowed to take lessons with me of my verness.

My birthday was then approaching, and that day I was always indulged in the privil of asking some peculiar favour.

"And what boon has my annual petitio *to beg to-day?*" said my father, as he ente

the breakfast-room on the morning of my birthday. Then I told him of the great anxiety expressed by nurse Withers concerning her daughter; how much she wished it was in her power to give her an education, that would enable her to get her living without hard labour. I set the good qualities of Ann Withers in the best light I could, and in conclusion, I begged she might be permitted to partake with me in education, and become my companion. "This is a very serious request indeed, Harriet," said Sir Edward; "your mother and I must consult together on the subject." The result of this consultation was favourable to my wishes: in a few weeks my foster-sister was taken into the house, and placed under the tuition of my governess.

To me, who had hitherto lived without any companions of my own age, except occasional visitors, the idea of a play-fellow constantly to associate with was very pleasant; and, after the first shyness of feeling her altered situation was over, Ann seemed as much at her ease as if she had always been brought up in our house. I became very fond of her, and took pleasure in *showing* her all manner of attentions, which

so far won on her affections, that she told me she had a secret intrusted to her by her mother, which she had promised never to reveal as long as her mother lived, but that she almost wished to confide it to me, because I was such a kind friend to her; yet, having promised never to tell it till the death of her mother, she was afraid to tell it to me. At first I assured her that I would never press her to the disclosure, for that promises of secresy were to be held sacred; but whenever we fell into any confidential kind of conversation, this secret seemed always ready to come out. Whether she or I were most to blame, I know not, though I own I could not help giving frequent hints how well I could keep a secret. At length she told me what I have before related, namely, that she was in truth the daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Lesley, and I the child of her supposed mother.

When I was first in possession of this wonderful secret, my heart burned to reveal it. thought how praiseworthy it would be in m to restore to my friend the rights of her birth yet I thought only of becoming her patrone *and raising* her to her proper rank; it w

occurred to me that my own degradation must necessarily follow. I endeavoured to persuade her to let me tell this important affair to my parents; this she positively refused. I expressed wonder that she should so faithfully keep this secret for an unworthy woman, who in her infancy had done her such an injury.—"Oh," said she, "you do not know how much she loves me, or you would not wonder that I never resent that. I have seen her grieve and be so very sorry on my account, that I would not bring her into more trouble for any good that could happen to myself. She has often told me, that since the day she changed us, she has never known what it is to have a happy moment; and when she returned home from nursing you, finding me very thin and sickly, how her heart smote her for what she had done; and then she nursed and fed me with such anxious care, that she grew much fonder of me than if I had been her own; and that on the Sundays when she used to bring me here, it was more pleasure to her to see me in my own father's house, than it was to her to see you her real child. The shyness you showed towards her while you were very young, and the forced

civility you seemed to affect as you grew o
always appeared like ingratitude towards
who had done so much for you. My mc
has desired me to disclose this after her d
but I do not believe I shall ever mention it
for I should be sorry to bring any repr
even on her memory."

In a short time after this important disco
Ann was sent home to pass a few weeks
her mother, on the occasion of the unexp
arrival of some visitors to our house; they
to bring children with them, and these I w
consider as my own guests.

In the expected arrival of my young
tants, and in making preparations to ente
them, I had little leisure to deliberate on
conduct I should pursue with regard tc
friend's secret. Something must be do
thought, to make her amends for the injur
had sustained, and I resolved to conside
matter attentively on her return. Still
mind ran on conferring favours. I never
sidered myself as transformed into the de
ant person. Indeed Sir Edward at this tin
me about a task which occupied the who
my attention; he proposed that I should

little interlude, after the manner of the French *Petites Pieces;* and to try my ingenuity, no one was to see it before the representation, except the performers, myself, and my little friends, who, as they were all younger than me, could not be expected to lend me much assistance. I have already told you what a proud girl I was. During the writing of this piece, the receiving of my young friends, and the instructing them in their several parts, I never felt myself of so much importance. With Ann, my pride had somewhat slumbered; the difference of our rank left no room for competition; all was complacency and good humour on my part, and affectionate gratitude, tempered with respect, on hers. But here I had full room to show courtesy, to affect those graces, to imitate that elegance of manners practised by Lady Harriet to their mothers. I was to be their instructress in action and in attitudes, and to receive their praises and their admiration of my theatrical genius. It was a new scene of triumph for me, and I might then be said to be in the very height of my glory.

If the plot of my piece, for the invention of which they so highly praised me, had been in-

deed my own, all would have been well; unhappily I borrowed from a source wh made my drama end far differently from wh intended it should. In the catastrophe I l not only the name I personated in the piece, l with it, my own name also; and all my rank consequence in the world fled from me for e —My father presented me with a beaut writing-desk for the use of my new authorsh my silver standish was placed upon it; a qu of gilt paper was before me. I took out a p cel of my best crow quills, and down I sate the greatest form imaginable.

I conjecture I have no talent for inventic certain it is, that when I sate down to comp my piece, no story would come into my he but the story which Ann had so lately rela to me. Many sheets were scrawled over vain, I could think of nothing else; still babies and the nurse were before me in all minutiæ of description Ann had given the The costly attire of the lady-babe—the hom garb of the cottage-infant—the affecting dress of the fond mother to her own offspri —then the charming *equivoque* in the cha *of the children*: it all looked so dramatic·

it was a play ready made to my hands. The invalid mother would form the pathetic, the silly exclamations of the servants the ludicrous, and the nurse was nature itself. It is true, I had a few scruples that it might, should it come to the knowledge of Ann, be construed into something very like a breach of confidence. But she was at home, and might never happen to hear of the subject of my piece, and if she did, why it was only making some handsome apology.—To a dependant companion, to whom I had been so very great a friend, it was not necessary to be so very particular about such a trifle.

Thus I reasoned as I wrote my drama, beginning with the title, which I called "The Changeling," and ending with these words, *The curtain drops, while the lady clasps the baby in her arms, and the nurse sighs audibly.* I invented no new incident, I simply wrote the story as Ann had told it to me, in the best blank verse I was able to compose.

By the time it was finished, the company had arrived. The casting the different parts was my next duty. The Honourable Augustus M———, a young gentleman of five ye

of age, undertook to play the father. He was only to come in and say, *How does my little darling do to-day?* The three Miss———'s were to be the servants; they too had only single lines to speak.

As these four were all very young performers, we made them rehearse many times over, that they might walk in and out with proper decorum; but the performance was stopped before their entrances and their exits arrived. I complimented Lady Elizabeth, the sister of Augustus, who was the eldest of the young ladies, with the choice of the lady mother or the nurse. She fixed on the former: she was to recline on a sofa, and affecting ill health, speak some eight or ten lines, which began with—*O that I could my precious baby see!* To her cousin Miss Emily ——— was given the girl who had the care of the nurse's child; two dolls were to personate the two children; and the principal character of the nurse I had the pleasure to perform myself. It consisted of several speeches, and a very long soliloquy during the changing of the children's clothes.

The elder brother of Augustus, a gentleman *of fifteen* years of age, who refused to per-

our childish drama, yet condescended to paint the scenes, and our dresses were got up by my own maid.

When we thought ourselves quite perfect in our several parts, we announced it for representation. Sir Edward and Lady Harriet, with their visitors, the parents of my young troop of comedians, honoured us with their presence. The servants were also permitted to go into a music-gallery, which was at the end of a ball-room we had chosen for our theatre.

As author and principal performer, standing before a noble audience, my mind was too much engaged with the arduous task I had undertaken, to glance my eyes towards the music-gallery, or I might have seen two more spectators there than I expected. Nurse Withers and her daughter Ann were there; they had been invited by the housekeeper to be present at the representation of Miss Lesley's play.

In the midst of the performance, as I, in the character of the nurse, was delivering the wrong child to the girl, there was an exclamation from the music-gallery of "Oh! it's all true! *it's all true!*" This was followed by a bustle

among the servants, and screams as of a person in a hysteric fit. Sir Edward came forward to inquire what was the matter. He saw it was Mrs. Withers who had fallen into a fit. Ann was weeping over her, and crying out, "O Miss Lesley, you have told all in the play!"

Mrs. Withers was brought out into the ball-room; there, with tears and broken accents, with every sign of terror and remorse, she soon made a full confession of her so long concealed guilt.

The strangers assembled to see our childish mimicry of passion were witnesses to a highly wrought dramatic scene in real life. I had intended they should see the curtain drop without any discovery of the deceit; unable to invent any new incident, I left the conclusion imperfect as I found it: but they saw a more strict poetical justice done; they saw the rightful child restored to its parents, and the nurse overwhelmed with shame, and threatened with the severest punishment.

"Take this woman," said Sir Edward, "and lock her up, till she be delivered into the hands of justice."

Ann, on her knees, imploring mercy for her

mother.—Addressing the children, who were gathered round her, "Dear ladies," said she, "help me, on your knees help me, to beg forgiveness for my mother." Down the young ones all dropped—even Lady Elizabeth bent on her knee. "Sir Edward, pity her distress, Sir Edward, pardon her!" All joined in the petition, except one whose voice ought to have been loudest in the appeal. No word, no accent came from me. I hung over Lady Harriet's chair, weeping as if my heart would break; but I wept for my own fallen fortunes, not for my mother's sorrow.

I thought within myself, "If in the integrity of my heart, refusing to participate in this unjust secret, I had boldly ventured to publish the truth, I might have had some consolation in the praises which so generous an action would have merited: but it is through the vanity of being supposed to have written a pretty story, that I have meanly broken my faith with my friend, and unintentionally proclaimed the disgrace of my mother and myself." While thoughts like these were passing through my mind, Ann had obtained my mother's pardon. Instead of being sent away to confine-

ment and the horrors of a prison, she was given by Sir Edward into the care of the housekeeper, who had orders from Lady Harriet to see her put to bed and properly attended to, for again this wretched woman had fallen into a fit.

Ann would have followed my mother, but Sir Edward bought her back, telling her that she should see her when she was better. He then led her towards Lady Harriet, desiring her to embrace her child; she did so, and I saw her, as I had phrased it in the play, *clasped in her mother's arms.*

This scene had greatly affected the spirits of Lady Harriet; through the whole of it, it was with difficulty she had been kept from fainting, and she was now led into the drawing-room by the ladies. The gentlemen followed, talking with Sir Edward of the astonishing instance of filial affection they had just seen, in the earnest pleadings of the child for her supposed mother.

Ann too went with them, and was conducted by her whom I had always considered as my own particular friend. Lady Elizabeth took hold of her hand, and said, "Miss Lesley, will you permit me to conduct you to the drawing-room ?"

I was left weeping behind the chair where Lady Harriet had sate, and as I thought, quite alone. A something had before twitched my frock two or three times, so slightly I had scarcely noticed it; a little head now peeped round, and looking up in my face, said, "She is not Miss Lesley:" it was the young Augustus; he had been sitting at my feet, but I had not observed him. He then started up, and taking hold of my hand with one of his, with the other holding fast by my clothes, he led, or rather dragged me, into the midst of the company assembled in the drawing-room. The vehemence of his manner, his little face as red as fire, caught every eye. The ladies smiled, and one gentleman laughed in a most unfeeling manner. His elder brother patted him on the head, and said, "You are a humane little fellow: Elizabeth, we might have thought of this."

Very kind words were now spoken to me by Sir Edward, and he called me Harriet, precious name now grown to me. Lady Harriet kissed me, and said she would never forget how long she had loved me as her child. These were comfortable words; but I heard echoed round

the room, "Poor thing, *she* cannot help it—I am sure *she* is to be pitied.—Dear Lady Harriet, how kind, how considerate you are!"—Ah! what a deep sense of my altered condition did I then feel!

"Let the young ladies divert themselves in another room," said Sir Edward; "and, Harriet, take your new sister with you, and help her to entertain your friends." Yes, he called me Harriet again, and afterwards invented new names for his daughter and me, and always called us by them, apparently in jest; yet I knew it was only because he would not hurt me with hearing our names reversed. When Sir Edward desired us to show the children into another room, Ann and I walked towards the door. A new sense of humiliation arose—how could I go out at the door before Miss Lesley?—I stood irresolute; she drew back. The elder brother of my friend Augustus assisted me in this perplexity: pushing us all forward, as if in a playful mood, he drove us indiscriminately before him, saying, "I will make one among you to-day." He had never joined in our sports before.

My luckless play, that sad instance of my

duplicity, was never once mentioned to me afterwards, not even by any one of the children who had acted in it; and I must also tell you how considerate an old lady was at the time about our dresses. As soon as she perceived things growing very serious, she hastily stripped off the upper garments we wore to represent our different characters. I think I should have died with shame, if the child had led me into the drawing-room in the mummery I had worn to represent a nurse. This good lady was of another essential service to me; for perceiving an irresolution in every one how they should behave to us, which distressed me very much, she contrived to place Miss Lesley above me at table, and called her Miss Lesley, and me Miss Withers; saying at the same time in a low voice, but as if she meant I should hear her, "It is better these things should be done at once, then they are over." My heart thanked her, for I felt the truth of what she said.

My poor mother continued very ill for many weeks: no medicine could remove the extreme dejection of spirits she laboured under. Sir Edward sent for the clergyman of the parish to *give her* religious consolation. Every day

he came to visit her, and he would always t
Miss Lesley and me into the room with him
think, Miss Villiers, your father must be j
such another man as Dr. Wheelding,
worthy rector; just so I think he would h
soothed the troubled conscience of my
pentant mother. How feelingly, how kin
he used to talk of mercy and forgiveness!

My heart was softened by my own mis
tunes, and the sight of my penitent suffe
mother. I felt that she was now my only
rent; I strove, earnestly strove, to love her;
ever when I looked in her face, she would s
to me to be the very identical person whc
should have once thought sufficiently hono
by a slight inclination of the head, and a
"How do you do, Mrs. Withers?" One
as Miss Lesley was hanging over her with
accustomed fondness, Dr. Wheelding rea
in a prayer-book, and, as I thought, not at
moment regarding us, I threw myself on
knees, and silently prayed that I too migh
able to love my mother.

Dr. Wheelding had been observing me
took me into the garden, and drew from me
subject of my petition. "Your prayers

good young lady," said he, "I hope are heard; sure I am they have caused me to adopt a resolution, which, as it will enable you to see your mother frequently, will, I hope, greatly assist your pious wishes.

"I will take your mother home with me to superintend my family. Under my roof, doubtless, Sir Edward will often permit you to see her. Perform your duty towards her as well as you possibly can.—Affection is the growth of time. With such good wishes in your young heart, do not despair that in due time it will assuredly spring up."

With the approbation of Sir Edward and Lady Harriet, my mother was removed in a few days to Dr. Wheelding's house: there she soon recovered—there she at present resides. She tells me she loves me almost as well as she did when I was a baby, and we both wept at parting when I came to school.

Here, perhaps, I ought to conclude my story, which I fear has been a tedious one: permit me, however, to say a few words concerning the time which elapsed since the discovery of my birth until my arrival here.

It was on the fifth day of ——— that I was

known to be Ann Withers, and the daughte of my supposed nurse. The company wh were witness to my disgrace departed in a fe days, and I felt relieved from some part of th mortification I hourly experienced. For ever fresh instance even of kindness or attention experienced went to my heart, that I should b forced to feel thankful for it.

Circumstanced as I was, surely I had nothin justly to complain of. The conduct of Sir Ed ward and Lady Harriet was kind in the extreme still preserving every appearance of a parenta tenderness for me, but ah! I might no longe call them by the dear names of father and mo ther.—Formerly when speaking of them, I used proud of their titles, to delight to say, "Si Edward or Lady Harriet did this, or this;" nov I would give worlds to say, "My father or my mother."

I should be perfectly unkind if I were t complain of Miss Lesley—indeed, I have no the least cause of complaint against her. A my companion, her affection and her gratitud had been unbounded; and now that it was m turn to be the humble friend, she tried by ev*ery means* in her power to make me think

felt the same respectful gratitude, which in her dependant station she had so naturally displayed.

Only in a few rarely constituted minds does that true attentive kindness spring up, that delicacy of feeling, which enters into every trivial thing, is ever awake and keeping watch lest it should offend. Myself, though educated with the extremest care, possessed but little of this virtue. Virtue I call it, though among men it is termed politeness; for since the days of my humiliating reverse of fortune, I have learned its value.

I feel quite ashamed to give instances of any deficiency I observed, or thought I have observed, in Miss Lesley. Now I am away from her, and dispassionately speaking of it, it seems as if my own soreness of temper had made me fancy things. I really believe now that I was mistaken; but Miss Lesley had been so highly praised for her filial tenderness, I thought at last she seemed to make a parade about it, and used to run up to my mother, and affect to be more glad to see her than she really was after a time; and I think Dr. Wheelding thought so, by a *little hint* he once dropped. But he too

might be mistaken, for he was very partial to me.

I am under the greatest obligation in the world to this good Dr. Wheelding. He has made my mother quite a respectable woman, and I am sure it is owing a great deal to him that she loves me so well as she does.

And here, though it may seem a little out of place, let me stop to assure you, that if I ever could have had any doubt of the sincerity of Miss Lesley's affection towards me, her behaviour on the occasion of my coming here ought completely to efface it. She entreated with many tears, and almost the same energy with which she pleaded for forgiveness for my mother, that I might not be sent away.—But she was not alike successful in her supplications.

Miss Lesley had made some progress in reading and writing during the time she was my companion only; it was highly necessary that every exertion should be now made—the whole house was, as I may say, in requsitiion for her instruction: Sir Edward and Lady Harriet devoted great part of the day to this *purpose.* A well-educated young person was

taken under our governess, to assist her in her labours, and to teach Miss Lesley music. A drawing-master was engaged to reside in the house.

At this time I was not remarkably forward in my education. My governess being a native of France, I spoke French very correctly, and I had made some progress in Italian. I had only had the instruction of masters during the few months in the year we usually passed in London.

Music I never had the least ear for; I could scarcely be taught my notes. This defect in me was always particularly regretted by my mother, she being an excellent performer herself both on the piano and on the harp.

I think I have some taste for drawing; but as Lady Harriet did not particularly excel in this, I lost so much time in the summer months practising only under my governess, that I made no great proficiency even in this my favourite art. But Miss Lesley, with all these advantages which I have named, every body so eager to instruct her, she so willing to learn—every thing so new and delightful to her, how could it happen otherwise? she in a short time

became a little prodigy. What best pleased Lady Harriet was, after she had conquered the first difficulties, she discovered a wonderful talent for music. Here she was her mother's own girl indeed—she had the same sweet-toned voice—the same delicate finger. Her musical governess had little now to do; for as soon as Lady Harriet perceived this excellence in her, she gave up all company, and devoted her whole time to instructing her daughter in this science.

Nothing makes the heart ache with such a hopeless, heavy pain, as envy.

I had felt deeply before, but till now I could not be said to envy Miss Lesley.—All day long the notes of the harp or the piano spoke sad sounds to me, of the loss of a loved mother's heart.

To have in a manner two mothers, and Miss Lesley to engross them both, was too much indeed.

It was at this time that one day I had been wearied with hearing Lady Harriet play one long piece of Haydn's music after another to her enraptured daughter. We were to walk *with our* governess to Dr. Wheelding's that

morning; and after Lady Harriet had left the room, and we were quite ready for our walk, Miss Lesley would not leave the instrument for I know not how long.

It was on that day that I thought she was not quite honest in her expressions of joy at the sight of my poor mother, who had been waiting at the garden-gate near two hours to see her arrive; yet she might be, for the music had put her in remarkably good spirits that morning.

Oh, the music quite, quite won Lady Harriet's heart! Till Miss Lesley began to play so well, she often lamented the time it would take before her daughter would have the air of a person of fashion's child. It was my part of the general instruction to give her lessons on this head. We used to make a kind of play of it, which we called lectures on fashionable manners: it was a pleasant amusement to me, a sort of keeping up the memory of past times. But now the music was always in the way. The last time it was talked of, Lady Harriet said her daughter's time was too precious to be taken up with such trifling.

I must own that the music had that effect

on Miss Lesley, as to render these lectures less necessary, which I will explain to you; but first let me assure you, that Lady Harriet was by no means in the habit of saying this kind of things. It was almost a solitary instance; I could give you a thousand instances the very reverse of this, in her as well as in Sir Edward. How kindly, how frequently, would they remind me, that to me alone it was owing that they ever knew their child! calling the day on which I was a petitioner for the admittance of Ann into the house, the blessed birthday of their generous girl.

Neither dancing, nor my foolish lectures could do much for Miss Lesley; she remaine for some time wanting in gracefulness of ca riage; but all that is usually attributed dancing, music finally effected. When she v sitting before the instrument, a resemblanc her mother became apparent to every Her attitudes and the expression of her co nance were the very same. This soon foll her into every thing; all was ease and n grace: for the music, and with it the id Lady Harriet, was always in her th *It was* a pretty sight to see the da

provement in her person, even to me, poor envious girl that I was.

Soon after Lady Harriet had hurt me, by calling my little efforts to improve her daughter trifling, she made me large amends, in a very kind and most unreserved conversation that she held with me.

She told me all the struggles she had had at first to feel a maternal tenderness for her daughter; and she frankly confessed, that she had now gained so much on her affections that she feared she had too much neglected the solemn promise she had made me, *Never to forget how long she had loved me as her child.*

Encouraged by her returning kindness, I owned how much I had suffered, and ventured to express my fears, that I had hardly courage enough to bear the sight of my former friends under a new designation, as I must now appear to them, on our removal to London, which was expected to take place in a short time.

A few days after this, she told me in the gentlest manner possible, that Sir Edward and herself were of opinion, it would conduce to my happiness to pass a year or two at school.

I knew that this proposal was kindly intended to spare me the mortifications I so much dreaded; therefore I endeavoured to submit to my hard fate with cheerfulness, and prepare myself, not without reluctance, to quit a mansion which had been the scene of so many enjoyments, and latterly of such very different feelings.

IV.

ELINOR FORESTER.

When I was very young, I had the misfortune to lose my mother. My father very soon married again. In the morning of the day on which that event took place, my father set me on his knee, and as he often used to do after the death of my mother, he called me his dear little orphaned Elinor, and then he asked me if I loved Miss Saville. I replied, "Yes." Then he said this dear lady was going to be so kind as to be married to him, and that she was to live with us, and be my mamma. My father told me this with such pleasure in his looks, that I thought it must be a very fine thing indeed to have a new mamma; and on his saying it was time for me to be dressed against his return from church, I ran in great spirits to tell the good news in the nursery. I found my

maid and the house-maid looking out of
window to see my father get into his carri
which was new painted; the servants had r
liveries, and fine white ribands in their h
and then I perceived my father had left off
mourning. The maids were dressed in r
coloured gowns and white ribands. On
table I saw a new muslin frock, trimmed v
fine lace, ready for me to put on. I skip
about the room quite in an ecstacy.

When the carriage drove up to the door,
house-kepeer came in to bring the maids' r
white gloves. I repeated to her the wor
had just heard, that that dear lady M
Saville was going to be married to papa,
that she was to live with us, and be my mam

The housekeeper shook her head, and s
"Poor thing! how soon children forget ev
thing!"

I could not imagine what she meant by
forgetting every thing, for I instantly re
lected poor mamma used to say I had an
cellent memory.

The women began to draw on their w
gloves, and the seams rending in several pla
Ann said, "This is just the way our glo

erved us at our mistress's funeral." The other hecked her, and said "Hush!" I was then inking of some instances in which my mamma ad praised my memory, and this reference to er funeral fixed her idea in my mind.

From the time of her death no one had ever poken to me of my mamma, and I had appa-ently forgotten her; yet I had a habit, which erhaps had not been observed, of taking my ttle stool, which had been my mamma's foot-tool, and a doll which my mamma had dressed or me while she was sitting in her elbow-chair, er head supported with pillows. With these n my hands, I used to go to the door of the oom in which I had seen her in her last illness; nd after trying to open it, and peeping through ne key-hole, from whence I could just see a limpse of the crimson curtains, I used to sit own on the stool before the door, and play ith my doll, and sometimes sing to it mamma's retty song of "Balow my baby;" imitating, as ell as I could, the weak voice in which she sed to sing it to me. My mamma had a ery sweet voice. I remember now the gentle one in which she used to say my prattle did not *isturb her.*

When I was dressed in my new frock, I wished poor mamma was alive to see how fine I was on papa's wedding-day, and I ran to my favourite station at her bed-room door. There I sat thinking of my mamma, and trying to remember exactly how she used to look; because I foolishly imagined that Miss Saville was to be changed into something like my own mother, whose pale and delicate appearance in her last illness, was all that I retained of her remembrance.

When my father returned home with his bride, he walked up stairs to look for me, and my new mamma followed him. They found me at my mother's door, earnestly looking through the key-hole; I was thinking so intently on my mother, that when my father said, "Here is your new mamma, my Elinor," I turned round and began to cry, for no other reason than because she had a very high colour, and I remembered my mamma was very pale: she had bright black eyes, my mother's were mild blue eyes; and that instead of the wrapping gown and close cap in which I remembered my mamma, she was dressed in *all her* bridal decorations.

said, "Miss Saville shall not be my
ıma," and I cried till I was sent away in
race.

very time I saw her for several days, the
ɜ notion came into my head, that she was
a bit more like mamma than when she was
ı Saville. My father was very angry when
aw how shy I continued to look at her;
she always said, "Never mind; Elinor
I shall soon be better friends."

ne day, when I was very naughty indeed,
[would not speak one word to either of
ı, my papa took his hat and walked out,
ɜ in a passion. When he was gone, I
ed up at my new mamma, expecting to see
very angry too; but she was smiling, and
ing very good naturedly upon me; and
said, "Now we are alone together, my
y little daughter, let us forget papa is angry
us; and tell me why you were peeping
ıgh the door, the day your papa brought
ome, and you cried so at the sight of me."
ɜause mamma used to be there," I replied.
n she heard me say this, she fell acrying
sadly indeed; and I was so very sorry to
her cry so, that I forgot I did not love

her, and I went up to her and said, "Don't cry; I won't be naughty any more, I won't peep through the door any more."

Then she said I had a little kind heart, and I should not have any occasion, for she would take me into the room herself; and she rung the bell, and ordered the key of that room to be brought to her; and the housekeeper brought it, and tried to persuade her not to go. But she said, "I must have my own way in this;" and she carried me in her arms into my mother's room.

Oh, I was so pleased to be taken into mamma's room! I pointed out to her all the things that I remembered to have belonged to mamma, and she encouraged me to tell her all the little incidents which had dwelt on my memory concerning her. She told me, that she went to school with mamma when she was a little girl, and that I should come into this room with her every day when papa was gone out, and she would tell me stories of mamma when she was a little girl no bigger than me.

When my father came home, we were walking in a garden at the back of our house, and I was showing her mamma's geraniums,

and telling her what pretty flowers they had when mamma was alive.

My father was astonished: and he said, "Is this the sullen Elinor? what has worked this miracle?" "Ask no questions," she replied, "or you will disturb our new-born friendship. Elinor has promised to love me, and she says too that she will call me 'mamma.'" "Yes, I will, mamma, mamma, mamma," I replied, and hung about her with the greatest fondness.

After this she used to pass great part of the mornings with me in my mother's room, which was now made the repository of all my play-things, and also my school-room. Here my new mamma taught me to read. I was a sad little dunce, and scarcely knew my letters; my own mamma had often said, when she got better she would hear me read every day, but as she never got better, it was not her fault. I now began to learn very fast, for when I said my lesson well, I was always rewarded with some pretty story of my mother's childhood; and these stories generally contained some little hints that were instructive to me, and which I greatly stood in want of; for, between improper indulgence and neglect, I had many faulty ways.

In this kind manner my mother-in-law instructed and improved me, and I love because she was my mother's friend when t were young. She has been my only inst tress, for I never went to school till I c here. She would have continued to teach but she had not time, for she has a little b of her own now, and that is the reaaon I c to school.

V.

MARGARET GREEN.

My father has been dead near three years. Soon after his death, my mother being left in reduced circumstances, she was induced to accept the offer of Mrs. Beresford, an elderly lady of large fortune, to live in her house as her companion, and the superintendant of her family. This lady was my godmother, and as I was my mother's only child, she very kindly permitted her to have me with her.

Mrs. Beresford lived in a large old family mansion; she kept no company, and never moved except from the breakfast-parlour to the eating-room, and from thence to the drawing-room to tea.

Every morning when she first saw me, she used to nod her head very kindly, aad say, "How do you do, little Margaret?" But I do

not recollect she ever spoke to me during the remainder of the day; except, indeed, after I had read the psalms and the chapters, which was my daily task; then she used constantly to observe, that I improved in my reading, and frequently added, "I never heard a child read so distinctly."

She had been remarkably fond of needle-work, and her conversation with my mother was generally the history of some pieces of work she had formerly done; the dates when they were begun; and when finished; what had retarded their progress, and what had hastened their completion. If occasionally any other events were spoken of, she had no other chronology to reckon by, than in the recollection of what carpet, what sofa-cover, what set of chairs, were in the frame at that time.

I believe my mother is not particularly fond of needle-work; for in my father's lifetime I never saw her amuse herself in this way; yet to oblige her kind patroness, she undertook to finish a large carpet, which the old lady had just begun when her eye-sight failed her. All *day long* my mother used to sit at the frame

talking of the shades of the worsted, and the beauty of the colours—Mrs. Beresford, seated, in a chair near her, and, though her eyes were so dim she could hardly distinguish one colour from another, watching through her spectacles the progress of the work.

When my daily portion of reading was over, I had a taste of needle-work, which generally lasted half an hour. I was not allowed to pass more time in reading or work, because my eyes were very weak, for which reason I was always set to read in the large-print Family Bible. I was very fond of reading; and when I could, unobserved, steal a few minutes as they were intent on their work, I used to delight to read in the historical part of the Bible; but this, because of my eyes, was a forbidden pleasure; and the Bible never being removed out of the room, it was only for a short time together that I dared softly to lift up the leaves and peep into it.

As I was permitted to walk in the garden, or wander about the house whenever I pleased, I used to leave the parlour for hours together, and make out my own solitary amusement as well as I could. My first visit was always to a

very large hall, which, from being p
marble, was called the marble hall. I
while Mrs. Beresford's husband was
tenants used to be feasted at Christma

The heads of the twelve Cæsars w
round the hall. Every day I mount
chairs to look at them, and to read th
tions underneath, till I became perfe
liar with their names and features.

Hogarth's prints were below the C
was very fond of looking at them, a
vouring to make out their meaning.

An old broken battledore, and som
cocks with most of the feathers miss
on a marble slab in one corner of the h
constantly reminded me, that there
been younger inhabitants here than
lady and her gray-headed servants.
other corner stood a marble figure of
every day I laid my hand on his sh
feel how cold he was.

This hall opened into a room full
portraits. They were all in the dress
mer times: some were old men and
and some were children. I used to lon
a fairy's power to call the children do

their frames to play with me. One little girl in particular, who hung by the side of a glass door which opened into the garden, I often invited to walk there with me, but she still kept her station—one arm round a little lamb's neck, and in her hand a large bunch of roses.

From this room I usually proceeded to the garden.

When I was weary of the garden I wandered over the rest of the house. The best suite of rooms I never saw by any other light than what glimmered through the tops of the window-shutters, which, however, served to show the carved chimney-pieces, and the curious old ornaments about the rooms; but the worked furniture and carpets, of which I heard such constant praises, I could have but an imperfect sight of, peeping under the covers which were kept over them, by the dim light; for I constantly lifted up a corner of the envious cloth, that hid these highly-praised rarities from my view.

The bed-rooms were also regularly explored by me, as well to admire the antique furniture, as for the sake of contemplating the tapestry hangings, which were full of Bible history.

The subject of the one which chiefly att
my attention, was Hagar and her son Isl
Every day I admired the beauty of the y
and pitied the forlorn state of him and hi
ther in the wilderness. At the end of th
lery into which these tapestry rooms op
was one door, which having often in vai
tempted to open, I concluded to be lo
and finding myself shut out, I was very de
of seeing what it contained; and though
foiled in the attempt, I every day endeav
to turn the lock, which, whether by const
trying I loosened, being probably a very
one, or that the door was not locked but fa
ed tight by time, I know not—to my grea
as I was one day trying the lock as usu
gave way, and I found myself in this so
desired room.

It proved to be a very large library.
was indeed a precious discovery. I lo
round on the books with the greatest de
I thought I would read them every one. I
forsook all my favourite haunts, and passe
my time here. I took down first one t
then another.

If you never spent whole mornings alo

a large library, you cannot conceive the pleasure of taking down books in the constant hope of finding an entertaining book among them; yet, after many days, meeting with nothing but disappointment, it becomes less pleasant. All the books within my reach were folios of the gravest cast. I could understand very little that I read in them; and the old dark print, and the length of the lines made my eyes ache.

When I had almost resolved to give up the search as fruitless, I perceived a volume lying in an obscure corner of the room. I opened it. It was a charming print; the letters were almost as large as the type of the Family Bible. In the first page I looked into, I saw the name of my favourite Ishmael, whose face I knew so well from the tapestry, and whose history I had so often read in the Bible.

I sate myself down to read this book with the greatest eagerness. The title of it was "Mahometism Explained." It was a very improper book, for it contained a false history of Abraham and his descendants.

I shall be quite ashamed to tell you the strange effect it had on me. I know it was very wrong to read any book without permission

do so. If my time were to come over a
would go and tell my mamma that there
library in the house, and ask her to perr
to read a little while every day in som
that she might think proper to select f
But unfortunately I did not then recollect
ought to do this: the reason of my stran
getfulness might be, that my mother, foll
the example of her patroness, had almost
discontinued talking to me. I scarcel
heard a word addressed to me from morr
night. If it were not for the old servan
ing, "Good morning to you, Miss Mar
as they passed me in the long passa
should have been the greatest part of t
in as perfect a solitude as Robinson Crus
must have been because I was never spo
at all, that I forgot what was right an
was wrong, for I do not believe that I e
membered I was doing wrong all the
was reading in the library. A great m
the leaves in "Mahometism Explained,"
torn out, but enough remained to mal
imagine that Ishmael was the true son of
ham: I read here, that the true desce
of Abraham were known by a light

streamed from the middle of their foreheads. It is said, that Ishmael's father and mother first saw this light streaming from his forehead, as he was lying asleep in the cradle. I was very sorry so many of the leaves were torn out, for it was as entertaining as a fairy tale. I used to read the history of Ishmael, and then go and look at him in the tapestry, and then read his history again. When I had almost learned the history of Ishmael by heart, I read the rest of the book, and then I came to the history of Mahomet, who was there said to be the last descendant of Abraham.

If Ishmael had engaged so much of my thoughts, how much more so must Mahomet? His history was full of nothing but wonders from the beginning to the end. The book said, that those who believed all the wonderful stories which were related of Mahomet, were called Mahometans, and True Believers:—I concluded that I must be a Mahometan, for I believed every word I read.

At length I met with something which I also believed, though I trembled as I read it:—this was, that after we are dead, we are to pass over a narrow bridge, which crosses a bottomless

gulf. The bridge was described to be no wider than a silken thread; and it is said, that all who were not Mahometans would slip on one side of this bridge, and drop into the tremendous gulf that had no bottom. I considered myself as a Mahometan, yet I was perfectly giddy whenever I thought of passing over this bridge.

One day, seeing the old lady totter across the room, a sudden terror seized me, for I thought how would she ever be able to get over the bridge. Then too it was, that I first recollected that my mother would also be in imminent danger; for I imagined she had never heard the name of Mahomet, because I foolishly conjectured this book had been locked up for ages in the library, and was utterly unknown to the rest of the world.

All my desire was now to tell them the discovery I had made; for I thought, when they knew of the existence of "Mahometism Explained," they would read it, and become Mahometans, to ensure themselves a safe passage over the silken bridge. But it was more courage than I possessed to break the matter to my intended converts; I acknowledge that I had been reading with

leave; and the habit of never speaking, or being spoken to, considerably increased the difficulty.

My anxiety on this subject threw me into a fever. I was so ill, that my mother thought it necessary to sleep in the same room with me. In the middle of the night I could not resist the strong desire I felt to tell her what preyed so much on my mind.

I awoke her out of a sound sleep, and begged she would be so kind as to be a Mahometan. She was very much alarmed, for she thought I was delirious, which I believe I was; for I tried to explain the reason of my request, but it was in such an incoherent manner, that she could not at all comprehend what I was talking about.

The next day a physician was sent for, and he discovered, by several questions that he put to me, that I had read myself into a fever. He gave me medicines, and ordered me to be kept very quiet, and said, he hoped in a few days I should be very well; but as it was a new case to him, he never having attended a little Mahometan before, if any lowness continued after he had removed the fever, he would, with my

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mother's permission, take me home with him to study this extraordinary case at his leisure; and added, that he could then hold a consultation with his wife, who was often very useful to him in prescribing remedies for the maladies of his younger patients.

In a few days he fetched me away. His wife was in the carriage with him. Having heard what he said about her prescriptions, I expected, between the doctor and his lady, to undergo a severe course of medicine, especially as I heard him very formally ask her advice what was good for a Mahometan fever, the moment after he had handed me into the carriage. She studied a little while, and then she said, a ride to Harlow fair would not be amiss. He said he was entirely of her opinion, because it suited him to go buy there to buy a horse.

During the ride they entered into conversation with me, and in answer to their questions, I was relating to them the solitary manner in which I had passed my time; how I found out the library, and what I had read in the fatal book which had so heated my imagination—when we arrived at the fair; and Ishmael, Mahomet, *and the* narrow bridge, vanished out of my head *in an instant.*

Oh! what a cheerful sight it was to me, to ee so many happy faces assembled together, alking up and down between the rows of ooths that were full of showy things: riands, laces, toys, cakes, and sweetmeats! Vhile the doctor was gone to buy his horse, is kind lady let me stand as long as I leased at the booths, and gave me many ings which she saw I particularly admired. Iy needle-case, my pin-cushion, indeed my ork-basket, and all its contents, are preents which she purchased for me at this ir. After we returned home, she played with e all the evening at a geographical game, hich she also bought for me at this cheerful ir.

The next day she invited some young laies of my own age to spend the day with e. She had a swing put up in the garden r us, and a room cleared of the furniture, hat we might play at blindman's buff. One f the liveliest of the girls, who had taken on erself the direction of our sports, she kept to e my companion all the time I staid with her, nd every day contrived some new amusement or us.

Yet this good lady did not suffer a
time to pass in mirth and gaiety. Before l
home, she explained to me very serious
error into which I had fallen. I found
so far from "Mahometism Explained"
a book concealed only in this library, i
well known to every person of the least
mation.

The Turks, she told me, were Mahom
and that, if the leaves of my favourite
had not been torn out, I should have
that the author of it did not mean to
the fabulous stories here related as tru
only wrote it as giving a history of
the Turks, who are a very ignorant p
believe concerning the impostor Mah
who feigned himself to be a descenda
Ishmael. By the good offices of the p
cian and his lady, I was carried home
end of a month, perfectly cured of the
into which I had fallen, and very much ash
of having believed so many absurdities.

VI.

EMILY BARTON.

When I was a very young child, I remember residing with an uncle and aunt who live in ———shire. I think I remained there near a twelvemonth. I am ignorant of the cause of my being so long left there by my parents, who, though they were remarkably fond of me, never came to see me during all that time. As I did not know I should ever have occasion to relate the occurrences of my life, I never thought of inquiring the reason.

I am just able to recollect, that when I first went there, I thought it a fine thing to live in the country, and play with my little cousins in the garden all day long; and I also recollect that I soon found that it was a very dull thing to live in the country with little cousins who have a papa and mamma in the house, while

my own dear papa and mamma were in London, many miles away.

I have heard my papa observe, girls who are not well managed are a most quarrelsome race of little people. My cousins very often quarrelled with me, and then they always said, "I will go and tell my mamma, cousin Emily;" and then I used to be very disconsolate, because I had no mamma to complain to of my grievances.

My aunt always took Sophia's part, because she was so young; and she never suffered me to oppose Mary, or Elizabeth, because they were older than me.

The playthings were all the property of one or other of my cousins. The large dolls belonged to Mary, or Elizabeth, and the pretty little wax dolls were dressed on purpose for Sophia, who always began to cry the instant I touched them. I had nothing that I could call my own, but one pretty book of stories; and one day as Sophia was endeavouring to take it from me, and I was trying to keep it, it was all torn to pieces; and my aunt would not be angry with her. She only said, Sophia was a little baby, and did not know any better. My uncle

promised to buy me another book, but he never remembered it. Very often when he came home in the evening, he used to say, "I wonder what I have got in my pocket;" and then they all crowded round him, and I used to creep towards him, and think, May be it is my book that my uncle has got in his pocket. But, no; nothing ever came out for me. Yet the first sight of a plaything, even if it is not one's own, is always a cheerful thing, and a new toy would put them in a good humour for a while, and they would say, "Here, Emily, look what I have got. You may take it in your own hand and look at it." But the pleasure of examining it was sure to be stopped in a short time by the old story of "Give that to me again; you know that is mine." Nobody could help, I think, being a little out of humour if they were always served so: but if I showed any signs of discontent, my aunt always told my uncle I was a little peevish fretful thing, and gave her more trouble than all her own children put together. My aunt would often say, what a happy thing it was to have such affectionate children as hers were. She was always praising my cousins because they were affectionate; that

was sure to be her word. She said I had not one atom of affection in my disposition, for that no kindness ever made the least impression on me. And she would say all this with Sophia seated on her lap, and the two eldest perhaps hanging round their papa, while I was so dull to see them taken so much notice of, and so sorry that I was not affectionate, that I did not know what to do with myself.

Then there was another complaint against me; that I was so shy before strangers. Whenever any strangers spoke to me, before I had time to think what answer I should give, Mary or Elizabeth would say, "Emily is so shy, she will never speak." Then I, thinking I was very shy, would creep into a corner of the room, and be ashamed to look up while the company staid.

Though I often thought of my papa and mamma, by degrees the remembrance of their persons faded out of my mind. When I tried to think how they used to look, the faces of my cousins' papa and mamma only came into my mind.

One morning, my uncle and aunt went *abroad* before breakfast, and took my cousins

with them. They very often went out for whole days together and left me at home Sometimes they said it was because they could not take so many children; and sometimes they said it was because I was so shy, it was no amusement to me to go abroad.

That morning I was very solitary indeed, for they had even taken the dog Sancho with them, and I was very fond of him. I went all about the house and garden to look for him. Nobody could tell me where Sancho was, and then I went into the front court and called, "Sancho, Sancho." An old man that worked in the garden was there, and he said Sancho was gone with his master. Oh! how sorry I was; I began to cry, for Sancho and I used to amuse ourselves for hours together when every body was gone out. I cried till I heard the mail-coachman's horn, and then I ran to the gate to see the mail-coach go past. It stopped before our gate, and a gentleman got out, and the moment he saw me he took me in his arms, and kissed me, and said I was Emily Barton, and asked me why the tears were on my little pale cheeks; and I told him the cause of my distress. The old man asked him to walk into the

house, and was going to call one of the servants; but the gentleman would not let him, and he said, "Go on with your work, I want to talk to this little girl before I go into the house." Then he sat down on a bench which was in the court, and asked me many questions; and I told him all my little troubles, for he was such a good-natured looking gentleman that I prattled very freely to him. I told him all I have told you, and more, for the unkind treatment I met with was more fresh in my mind than it is now. Then he called to the old man, and desired him to fetch a post-chaise, and gave him money that he should make haste, and I never saw the old man walk so fast before. When he had been gone a little while, the gentleman said, "Will you walk with me down the road to meet the chaise, and you shall ride in it a little way along with me." I had nothing on, not even my old straw bonnet that I used to wear in the garden; but I did not mind that, and I ran by his side a good way, till we met the chaise, and the old man riding with the driver. The gentleman said, "Get down and open the door," and then he lifted me in. The old man looked in a sad fright, and said, "Oh! Sir, I

hope you are not going to take the ch
The gentleman threw out a small car
him give that to his master, and calli
post-boy to drive on, we lost sight o
man in a minute.

The gentleman laughed very muc
said, "We have frightened the old m
thinks I am going to run away with you
I laughed, and thought it a very good
and he said, "So you tell me you are
shy;" and I replied, "Yes, Sir, I am, b
strangers;" he said, "So I perceive you
and then he laughed again, and I laug
though I did not know why. We had su
merry ride, laughing all the way at one t
or another, till we came to a town where
chaise stopped, and he ordered some break
When I got out I began to shiver a little;
it was the latter end of autumn, the leaves
alling off the trees, and the air blew very c
hen he desired the waiter to go and ord
raw-hat, and a little warm coat for me;
hen the milliner came, he told her he
len a little heiress, and we were goin
etna-Green in such a hurry, that the yo
y had no time to put on her bonnet b

she came out. The milliner said I was a pretty little heiress, and she wished us a pleasant journey. When we had breakfasted, and I was equipped in my new coat and bonnet, I jumped into the chaise again as warm and as lively as a little bird.

When it grew dark, we entered a large city; the chaise began to roll over the stones, and I saw the lamps ranged along London streets.

Though we had breakfasted and dined upon the road, and I had got out of one chaise into another many times, and was now riding on in the dark, I never once considered where I was, or where I was going to. I put my head out of the chaise window, and admired those beautiful lights. I was sorry when the chaise stopped, and I could no longer look at the brilliant rows of lighted lamps.

Taken away by a stranger under a pretence of a short ride, and brought quite to London, do you not expect some perilous end of this adventure? Ah! it was my papa himself, though I did not know who he was, till after he had put me into my mamma's arms, and told her how he had run away with his own *little daughter*. "It is your papa, my dear,

that has brought you to your own home."—"This is your mamma, my love," they both exclaimed at once. Mamma cried for joy to see me, and she wept again, when she heard my papa tell what a neglected child I had been at my uncle's. This he had found out, he said, by my own innocent prattle, and that he was so offended with his brother, my uncle, that he would not enter his house; and then he said, what a little happy good child I had been all the way, and that when he found I did not know him, he would not tell me who he was, for the sake of the pleasant surprise it would be to me. It was a surprise and a happiness indeed, after living with unkind relations, all at once to know I was at home with my own dear papa and mamma.

My mamma ordered tea. Whenever I happen to like my tea very much, I always think of the delicious cup of tea mamma gave us after our journey. I think I see the urn smoking before me now, and papa wheeling the sofa round, that I might sit between them at the table. Mamma called me Little Run-away, and said it was very well it was only papa. I told how we frightened the old gardener, and

opened my eyes, to show her how he stared, and how my papa made the milliner believe we were going to Gretna-Green. Mamma looked grave, and said she was almost frightened to find I had been so fearless; but I promised her another time I would not go into a post-chaise with a gentleman, without asking him who he was: and then she laughed, and seemed very well satisfied.

Mamma, to my fancy, looked very handsome. She was very nicely dressed, quite like a fine lady. I held up my head, and felt very proud that I had such a papa and mamma. I thought to myself, "O dear, my cousins' papa and mamma are not to be compared to mine."

Papa said, "What makes you bridle and simper so, Emily?" Then I told him all that was in my mind. Papa asked if I did not think him as pretty as I did mamma. I could not say much for his beauty, but I told him he was a much finer gentleman than my uncle, and that I liked him the first moment I saw him, because he looked so good-natured. He said, "Well then, he must be content with that half-praise; but he had always thought himself *very handsome*." "O dear!" said I, and fell

a-laughing, till I spilled my tea, and mamma called me a little awkward girl.

The next morning my papa was going to the Bank to receive some money, and he took mamma and me with him, that I might have a ride through London streets. Every one that has been in London must have seen the Bank, and therefore you may imagine what an effect the fine large rooms, and the bustle and confusion of people, had on me, who was grown such a little wondering rustic, that the crowded streets and the fine shops alone kept me in continual admiration.

As we were returning home down Cheapside, papa said, "Emily shall take home some little books. Shall we order the coachman to he corner of St. Paul's churchyard, or shall we o to the Juvenile Library in Skinner-street?" lamma said she would go to Skinner-street, r she wanted to look at the new buildings ere. Papa bought me seven new books, and e lady in the shop persuaded him to take re, but mamma said that was quite enough resent.

Ve went home by Ludgate-hill, because ma wanted to buy something there, and

while she went into a shop, papa heard me read in one of my new books, and said he was glad to find I could read so well: for I had forgot to tell him my aunt used to hear me read every day.

My papa stopped the coach opposite to St. Dunstan's church, that I might see the great iron figures strike upon the bell, to give notice that it was a quarter of an hour past two. We waited some time, that I might see this sight, but just at the moment they were striking, I happened to be looking at a toy-shop that was on the other side of the way, and unluckily missed it. Papa said, "Never mind; we will go into the toy-shop, and I dare say we shall find something that will console you for your disappointment." "Do," said mamma, "for I knew Miss Pearson, who keeps this shop, at Weymouth, when I was a little girl, not much older than Emily. Take notice of her:—she is a very intelligent old lady." Mamma made herself known to Miss Pearson, and showed me to her, but I did not much mind what they said; no more did papa—for we were busy among the toys.

A large wax-doll, a baby-house completely

furnished, and several other beautiful toys, were bought for me. I sat and looked at them with an amazing deal of pleasure as we rode home —they quite filled up one side of the coach.

The joy I discovered at possessing things I could call my own, and the frequent repetition of the words, *My own, my own*, gave my mamma some uneasiness. She justly feared that the cold treatment I had experienced at my uncle's had made me selfish, and therefore she invited a little girl to spend a few days with me, to see, as she has since told me, if I should not be liable to fall into the same error from which I had suffered so much at my uncle's.

As my mamma had feared, so the event proved; for I quickly adopted my cousins' selfish ideas, and gave the young lady notice that they were my own playthings, and she must not amuse herself with them any longer than I permitted her. Then presently I took occasion to begin a little quarrel with her, and said, "I have got a mamma now, Miss Frederica, as well as you, and I will go and tell her, and she will not let you play with my doll any longer than I please, because it is my own doll." And I very well remember I imitated, as nearly

as I could, the haughty tone in which my cousins used to speak to me.

"Oh fie! Emily," said my mamma; "can you be the little girl who used to be so distressed because your cousins would not let you play with their dolls? Do you not see you are doing the very same unkind thing to your playfellow, that they did to you?" Then I saw as plain as could be what a naughty girl I was, and I promised not to do so any more.

A lady was sitting with mamma, and mamma said, "I believe I must pardon you this once, but I hope never to see such a thing again. This lady is Miss Frederica's mamma, and I am quite ashamed that she should be witness to your inhospitality to her daughter, particularly as she was so kind to come on purpose to invite you to a share in her *own* private box at the theatre this evening. Her carriage is waiting at the door to take us, but how can we accept of the invitation after what has happened?" The lady begged it might all be forgotten; and mamma consented that I should go, and she said, "But I hope, my dear Emily, when you are sitting in the playhouse, you will remember *that pleasures* are far more delightful when

they are shared among numbers. If the whole theatre were your own, and you were sitting by yourself to see the performance, how dull it would seem, to what you will find it, with so many happy faces around us, all amused with the same thing!" I hardly knew what my mamma meant, for I had never seen a play; but when I got there, after the curtain drew up, I looked up towards the galleries, and down into the pit, and into all the boxes, and then I knew what a pretty sight it was to see a number of happy faces. I was very well convinced, that it would not have been half so cheerful, if the theatre had been my own, to have sat there by myself. From that time, whenever I felt inclined to be selfish, I used to remember the theatre, where the mamma of the young lady I had been so rude to, gave me a seat in her own box. There is nothing in the world so charming as going to a play. All the way there I was as dull and as silent as I used to be in ———shire, because I was so sorry mamma had been displeased with me. Just as the coach stopped, Miss Frederica said, "Will you be friends with me, Emily?" and I replied, "Yes, if you please, Frederica; and we went hand-in-

hand together into the house." I did not speak any more till we entered the box, but after that, I was as lively as if nothing at all had happened.

I shall never forget how delighted I was at the first sight of the house. My little friend and I were placed together in the front, while our mammas retired to the back part of the box to chat by themselves, for they had been so kind as to come very early, that I might look about me before the performance began.

Frederica had been very often at a play. She was very useful in telling me what every thing was. She made me observe how the common people were coming bustling down the benches in the galleries, as if they were afraid they should lose their places. She told me what a crowd these poor people had to go through, before they got into the house. Then she showed me how leisurely they all came into the pit, and looked about them before they took their seats. She gave me a charming description of the king and queen at the play, and showed me where they sat, and told me how the princesses were dressed. It was a pretty *sight to see* the remainder of the candles lighted;

and so it was to see the musicians come up from under the stage. I admired the music very much, and I asked if that was the play. Frederica laughed at my ignorance, and then she told me, when the play began, the green curtain would draw up to the sound of soft music, and I should hear a lady, dressed in black, say,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;"

and those were the very first words that the actress, whose name was Almeria, spoke. When the curtain began to draw up, and I saw the bottom of her black petticoat, and heard the soft music, what an agitation I was in! But before that we had long to wait. Frederica told me we should wait till all the dress-boxes were full, and then the lights would pop up under the orchestra: the second music would play, and then the play would begin.

This play was the Mourning Bride. It was a very moving tragedy; and after that, when the curtain dropped, and I thought it was all over, I saw the most diverting pantomime that ever was seen. I made a strange blunder the next day, for I told papa that Almeria was married *to* Harlequin at last; but I assure you

I meant to say Columbine, for I knew ver well that Almeria was married to Alphonso for she said she was, in the first scene. Sh thought he was dead, but she found him again just as I did my papa and mamma, when sh least expected it.

VII.

MARIA HOWE.

I WAS brought up in the country. From my infancy I was always a weak and tender-spirited girl, subject to fears and depressions. My parents, and particularly my mother, were of a very different disposition. They were what is usually called gay: they loved pleasure, and parties, and visiting; but as they found the turn of my mind to be quite opposite, they gave themselves little trouble about me, but upon such occasions generally left me to my choice, which was much oftener to stay at home, and indulge myself in my solitude, than to join in their rambling visits. I was always fond of being alone, yet always in a manner afraid. There was a book closet which led into my mother's dressing-room. Here I was eternally fond of being shut up by myself, to

take down whatever volumes I ple
pore upon them, no matter whether
stood them. Here, when the weath
not permit my going into the dark
walk, as it was called, in the gard
when my parents have been from
have stayed for hours together, till
liness which pleased me so at firs
length become quite frightful, and
rushed out of the closet into the
parts of the house, and sought refu
lap of some one of the female serva
my aunt, who would say, seeing me l
that Maria had been frightening her
some of those *nasty books:* so she
call my favourite volumes, which I w
have parted with, no not with one of
of them, if I had had the choice, to b
fine princess, and to govern the wo
my aunt was no reader. She used t
herself and say, that reading hurt l
I have been naughty enough to think
was only an excuse, for I found
aunt's weak eyes did not prevent
poring ten hours a day upon her pr
or her favourite Thomas à Kempis

was always her excuse for not reading any of the books I recommended. My aunt was my father's sister. She had never been married My father was a good deal older than my mother, and my aunt was ten years older than my father. As I was often left at home with her, and as my serious disposition so well agreed with hers, an intimacy grew up between the old lady and me, and she would often say, that she only loved one person in the world, and that was me. Not that she and my parents were on very bad terms; but the old lady did not feel herself respected enough. The attention and fondness which she showed to me, conscious as I was that I was almost the only being she felt any thing like fondness to, made me love her, as it was natural; indeed I am ashamed to say, that I fear I almost loved her better than both my parents put together. But there was an oddness, a silence about my aunt, which was never interrupted but by her occasional expressions of love to me, that made me stand in fear of her. An odd look from under her spectacles, would sometimes scare me away, when I had been peering up in her face to make her kiss me. Then she had a way of

muttering to herself, which, though it was good words and religious words that she was mumbling, somehow I did not like. My weak spirits, and the fears I was subject to, always made me afraid of any personal singularity or oddness in any one. I am ashamed, ladies, to lay open so many particulars of our family; but indeed it is necessary to the understanding of what I am going to tell you, of a very great weakness, if not wickedness, which I was guilty of towards my aunt. But I must return to my studies, and tell you what books I found in the closet, and what reading I chiefly admired. There was a great Book of Martyrs in which I used to read, or rather I used to spell out meanings; for I was too ignorant to make out many words; but there it was written all about those good men who chose to be burned alive, rather than forsake their religion, and become naughty papists. Some words I could make out, some I could not; but I made out enough to fill my little head with vanity; and I used to think I was so courageous I could be burned too; and I would put my hands upon the flames which were pictured in the pretty *pictures* which the book had, and feel them;

but you know, ladies, there is a great difference between the flames in a picture, and real fire, and I am now ashamed of the conceit which I had of my own courage, and think how poor a martyr I should have made in those days. Then there was a book not so big, but it had pictures in, it was called Culpepper's Herbal; it was full of pictures of plants and herbs, but I did not much care for that. Then there was Salmon's Modern History, out of which I picked a good deal. It had pictures of Chinese gods, and the great hooded serpent, which ran strangely in my fancy. There were some law books too, but the old English frightened me from reading them. But above all, what I relished was Stackhouse's History of the Bible, where there was the picture of the Ark, and all the beasts getting into it. This delighted me, because it puzzled me, and many an aching head have I got with poring into it, and contriving how it might be built with such and such rooms to hold all the world, if there should be another flood, and sometimes settling what pretty beasts should be saved and what should not, for I would have no ugly or deformed beast in my pret-

ark. But this was only a piece of folly and vanity, that a little reflection might cure me of. Foolish girl that I was! to suppose that any creature is really ugly, that has all its limbs contrived with heavenly wisdom, and was doubtless formed to some beautiful end, though a child cannot comprehend it.—Doubtless a frog or a toad is not uglier in itself than a squirrel or a pretty green lizard; but we want understanding to see it.

[*Here I must remind you, my dear Miss Howe, that one of the young ladies smiled, and two or three were seen to titter, at this part of your narration, and you seemed, I thought, a little too angry for a girl of your sense and reading; but you will remember, my dear, that young heads are not always able to bear strange and unusual assertions; and if some elder person, possibly, or some book which you had found, had not put it into your head, you would hardly have discovered by your own reflection, that a frog or a toad was equal in real loveliness to a frisking squirrel, or a pretty green lizard, as you called it; not remembering that at this very time you gave the lizard the name*

f pretty, *and left it out to the frog—so liable e are all to prejudices. But you went on with our story.*]

These fancies, ladies, were not so very olish or naughty, perhaps, but they may e forgiven in a child of six years old; but hat I am going to tell I shall be ashamed f, and repent, I hope, as long as I live. It ill teach me not to form rash judgments. esides the picture of the Ark, and many thers which I have forgot, Stackhouse conained one picture which made more impresion upon my childish understanding than all he rest. It was the picture of the raising up f Samuel, which I used to call the Witch of ndor picture. I was always very fond of icking up stories about witches. There was book called Glanvil on Witches, which used o lie about in this closet; it was thumbed about, nd showed it had been much read in former imes. This was my treasure. Here I used o pick out the strangest stories. My not eing able to read them very well, probably nade them appear more strange and out of he way to me. But I could collect enough o understand that witches were old women

who gave themselves up to do mischief—how by the help of spirits as bad as themselves, they lamed cattle, and made the corn not grow; and how they made images of wax to stand for people that had done them any injury, or they thought had done them injury; and how they burned the images before a slow fire, and stuck pins in them; and the persons which these waxen images represented, however distant, felt all the pains and torments in good earnest, which were inflicted in show upon these images; and such a horror I had of these wicked witches, that though I am now better instructed, and look upon all these stories as mere idle tales, and invented to fill up people's heads with nonsense, yet I cannot recall to mind the horrors which I then felt, without shuddering and feeling something of the old fit return.

[*Here, my dear Miss Howe, you may remember, that Miss M———, the youngest of our party, showing some more curiosity than usual, I winked upon you to hasten to your story, lest the terrors which you were describing should make too much impression upon a young head, and you kindly understood*

ny sign, and said less upon the subject of your ears, than I fancy you first intended.]

This foolish book of witch stories had no ictures in it, but I made up for them out of ny own fancy; and out of the great picture of he raising up of Samuel in Stackhouse. I vas not old enough to understand the differnce there was between these silly improbable ales, which imputed such powers to poor old vomen, who are the most helpless things in he creation, and the narrative in the Bible, vhich does not say that the witch, or preended witch, raised up the dead body of amuel by her own power, but as it clearly ppears, he was permitted by the divine will o appear, to confound the presumption of aul; and that the witch herself was really as uch frightened and confounded at the miacle as Saul himself, not expecting a real ppearance; but probably having prepared ome juggling, slight-of-hand tricks and sham ppearance to deceive the eyes of Saul: vhereas she, nor any one living, had ever the ower to raise the dead to life, but only He vho made them from the first. These reasons might have read in Stackhouse itself if I had

been old enough, and have read them in that very book since I was older, but at that time I looked at little beyond the picture.

These stories of witches so terrified me, that my sleeps were broken, and in my dreams I always had a fancy of a witch being in the room with me. I know now that it was only nervousness; but though I can laugh at it now as well as you, ladies, if you knew what I suffered, you would be thankful that you have had sensible people about you to instruct you and teach you better. I was let grow up wild like an ill weed, and thrived accordingly. One night that I had been terrified in my sleep with my imaginations, I got out of bed and crept softly to the adjoining room. My room was next to where my aunt usually sat when she was alone. Into her room I crept for relief from my fears. The old lady was not yet retired to rest, but was sitting with her eyes half open, half closed; her spectacles tottering upon her nose; her head nodding over her prayer-book; her lips mumbling the words as she read them, or half read them, in her dozing posture; her grotesque appearance; her old-fashioned dress, *resembling* what I had seen in that fatal picture

n Stackhouse; all this, with the dead time of ıight, as it seemed to me (for I had gone through ny first sleep,) joined to produce a wicked ancy in me, that the form which I had be-ıeld was not my aunt, but some witch. Her numbling of her prayers confirmed me in his shocking idea. I had read in Glanvil, ›f those wicked creatures reading their ›rayers *backwards*, and I thought that this vas the operation which her lips were at this ime employed about. Instead of flying to ıer friendly lap for that protection which I ad so often experienced when I have been ⁄eak and timid, I shrunk back terrified and ewildered to my bed, where I lay in broken leeps and miserable fancies, till the morn-ıg which I had so much reason to wish ›r, came. My fancies a little wore away ⁄ith the light, but an impression was fixed, ⁄hich could not for a long time be done way. In the day time, when my father and ıother were about the house, when I saw ıem familiarly speak to my aunt, my fears ll vanished; and when the good creature as taken me upon her knees, and shown ıe any kindness more than ordinary, at

such times I have melted into tears, and longed to tell her what naughty foolish fancies I had had of her. But when night returned, that figure which I had seen recurred—the posture, the half-closed eyes, the mumbling and muttering which I had heard. A confusion was in my head, *who* it was I had seen that night:—it was my aunt, and it was not my aunt:—it was that good creature who loved me above all the world, engaged at her good task of devotions—perhaps praying for some good to me. Again, it was a witch—a creature hateful to God and man, reading backwards the good prayers: who would perhaps destroy me. In these conflicts of mind I passed several weeks, till, by a revolution in my fate, I was removed to the house of a female relation of my mother's in a distant part of the country, who had come on a visit to our house, and observing my lonely ways, and apprehensive of the ill effect of my mode of living, upon my health, begged leave to take me home to her house, to reside for a short time. I went, with some reluctance at leaving my closet, my dark walk, and even my aunt, who had been such a source of

love and terror to me. But I went, and soon found the grand effects of a change of scene Instead of melancholy closets, and lonely avenues of trees, I saw lightsome rooms and cheerful faces; I had companions of my own age; no books were allowed me but what were rational and sprightly; that gave me mirth or gave me instruction. I soon learned to laugh at witch stories; and when I returned after three or four months absence to our own house, my good aunt appeared to me in the same light in which I had viewed her from my infancy, before that foolish fancy possessed me, or rather, I should say, more kind, more fond, more loving than before. It is impossible to say how much good that lady, the kind relation of my mother's that I spoke of, did to me by changing the scene. Quite a new turn of ideas was given to me: I became sociable and companionable: my parents soon discovered a change in me, and I have found a similar alteration in them. They have been plainly more fond of me since that change, as from that time I learned to conform myself more to their way of living. I have never since had that aversion to company and going out

with them, which used to make them regard me with less fondness than they would have wished to show. I impute almost all that I had to complain of in their neglect, to my having been a little unsociable, uncompanionable mortal. I lived in this manner for a year or two, passing my time between our house and the lady's who so kindly took me in hand, till by her advice I was sent to this school; where I have told you, ladies, what, for fear of ridicule, I never ventured to tell any person besides, the story of my foolish and naughty fancy.

VIII.

CHARLOTTE WILMOT.

UNTIL I was eleven years of age, my life was one continued series of indulgence and delight. My father was a merchant, and supposed to be in very opulent circumstances; at least I thought so, for at a very early age I perceived that we lived in a more expensive way than any of my father's friends did. It was not the pride of birth, of which, Miss Withers, you once imagined you might justly boast, but the mere display of wealth, that I was early taught to set an undue value on. My parents spared no cost for masters to instruct me: I had a French governess, and also a woman-servant whose sole business it was to attend on me. My play-room was crowded with toys, and my dress was the admiration of all my youthful visitors, to whom I gave balls and entertain-

ments as often as I pleased. I looked down on all my young companions as my inferiors; but I chiefly assumed airs of superiority over Maria Hartley, whose father was a clerk in my father's counting-house, and therefore I concluded she would regard the fine show I made with more envy and admiration than any other of my companions. In the days of my humiliation, which I too soon experienced, I was thrown on the bounty of her father for support. To be a dependant on the charity of her family, seemed the heaviest evil that could have befallen me; for I remembered how often I had displayed my finery and my expensive ornaments, on purpose to enjoy the triumph of my superior advantages; and with shame I now speak it, I have often glanced at her plain linen frock, when I showed her beautiful ball-dresses. Nay, I once gave a hint, which she so well understood, that she burst into tears, that I could not invite to some of my parties, because her mo once sent her on my birth-day in a co frock. I cannot now think of my w feeling without excessive pain; but on saw her highly amused with some curio

and on her expressing the pleasure the sight of them gave her, I said, "Yes, they are very well for those who are not accustomed to these things; but for my part, I have so many, I am tired of them, and I am quite delighted to pass an hour in the empty closet your mamma allows you to receive your visitors in, because there is nothing there to interrupt the conversation."

Once, as I have said, Maria was betrayed into tears: now that I insulted her by calling her own small apartment an empty closet, she turned quick upon me, but not in anger, saying, "O, my dear Miss Wilmot, how very sorry I am——" here she stopped; and though I knew not the meaning of her words, I felt it as a reproof. I hung down my head abashed; yet, perceiving that she was all that day more kind and obliging than ever, and being conscious of not having merited this kindness, I thought she was mean-spirited, and therefore I consoled myself with having discovered this fault in her, for I thought my arrogance was full as excusable as her meanness.

In a few days I knew my error; I learned why Maria had been so kind, and why she

had said she was sorry. . It was for me, proud disdainful girl that I was, that she was sorry she knew, though I did not, that my father was on the brink of ruin: and it came to pass as she feared it would, that in a few days my play-room was as empty as Maria's closet and all my grandeur was at an end.

My father had what is called an execution in the house; every thing was seized that we possessed. Our splendid furniture, and even our wearing apparel, all my beautiful ball-dresses, my trinkets, and my toys, were taken away by my father's merciless creditors. The week in which this happened was such a scene of hurry, confusion, and misery, that I will not attempt to describe it.

At the end of a week I found that my father and mother had gone out very early in the morning. Mr. Hartley took me home to his own house, and I expected to find them there; but, oh, what anguish did I feel, when I heard him tell Mrs. Hartley they had quitted England, and that he had brought me home to live with them! In tears and sullen silence, I passed the first day of my entrance into this *despised house*. Maria was from home. All

the day I sate in a corner of the room, grieving for the departure of my parents; and if for a moment I forgot that sorrow, I tormented myself with imagining the many ways which Maria might invent, to make me feel in return the slights and airs of superiority which I had given myself over her. Her mother began the prelude to what I expected, for I heard her freely censure the imprudence of my parents. She spoke in whispers; yet, though I could not hear every word, I made out the tenor of her discourse. She was very anxious, lest her husband should be involved in the ruin of our house. He was the chief clerk in my father's counting-house: towards evening he came in and quieted her fears, by the welcome news that he had obtained a more lucrative situation than the one he had lost.

At eight in the evening, Mrs. Hartley said to me, "Miss Wilmot, it is time for you to be in bed, my dear;" and ordered the servant to show me up stairs, adding, that she supposed she must assist me to undress, but that when Maria came home, she must teach me to wait on myself. The apartment in which I was to sleep, was at the top of the house. The

walls were white-washed, and the roof wa sloping. There was only one window in th room, a small casement, through which th bright moon shone, and it seemed to me th most melancholy sight I had ever beheld. I broken and disturbed slumbers I passed th night. When I awoke in the morning, sh whom I most dreaded to see, Maria, who I sup posed had envied my former state, and who now felt certain would exult over my presen mortifying reverse of fortune, stood by my bed side. She awakened me from a dream, in which I thought she was ordering me to fetch her something; and on my refusal, she said I must obey her, for I was now her servant. Far differently from what my dreams had pictured, did Maria address me! She said, in the gentlest tone imaginable, "My dear Miss Wilmot, my mother begs you will come down to breakfast. Will you give me leave to dress you?" My proud heart would not suffer me to speak, and I began to attempt to put on my clothes; but never having been used to do any thing for myself, I was unable to perform it, and was obliged to accept the assistance of Maria. She dressed me, washed my face,

and combed my hair; and as she did these services for me, she said in a most respectful manner, "Is this the way you like to wear this, Miss Wilmot?" or, "Is this the way you like this done?" and curtsied as she gave me every fresh article to put on. The slights I expected to receive from Maria, would not have distressed me more than the delicacy of her behaviour did. I hung down my head with shame and anguish.

In a few days Mrs. Hartley ordered her daughter to instruct me in such useful works and employments as Maria knew. Of every thing which she called useful I was most ignorant. My accomplishments I found were held in small estimation here, by all indeed, except Maria. She taught me nothing without the kindest apologies for being obliged to teach me, who, she said, was so excellent in all elegant arts, and was for ever thanking me for the pleasure she formerly received from my skill in music and pretty fancy works. The distress I was in, made these complimentary speeches, not flatteries, but sweet drops of comfort to my degraded heart, almost broken with misfortune and remorse.

I remained at Mr. Hartley's but two m
for at the end of that time my father inl
a considerable property by the deatl
distant relation, which has enabled l
settle his affairs. He established himsel
as a merchant; but as he wished to re
his expenses, and begin the world agai
plan of strict economy, he sent me t
school to finish my education.

IX.

SUSAN YATES.

I WAS born and brought up in a house in which my parents had all their lives resided, which stood in the midst of that lonely tract of land, called the Lincolnshire Fens. Few families besides our own lived near the spot, both because it was reckoned an unwholesome air, and because its distance from any town or market, made it an inconvenient situation. My father was in no very affluent circumstances, and it was a sad necesity which he was put to, of having to go many miles to fetch any thing from the neafest village, which was full seven miles distant, through a sad miry way that at all times made it heavy walking, and after rain was almost impassable. But he had no horse or carriage of his own.

The church which belonged to the parish

in which our house was situated, s
this village; and its distance being, a
before, seven miles from our house,
quite an impossible thing for my mothe
to think of going to it. Sometimes,
on a fine dry Sunday, my father wo
early, and take a walk to the village,
see how *goodness thrived*, as he used
but he would generally return tired,
worse for his walk. It is scarcely pos
explain to any one who has not lived in
what difficult and dangerous walking i
mile is as good as four, I have heard m
say, in those parts. My mother, who
early part of her life had lived in
civilized spot, and had been used to c
church-going, would often lament he
tion. It was from her I early imbibed
curiosity and anxiety to see that thing,
had heard her call a church, and so often
that she could never go to.. I had seen
of various structures, and had seen in
the shapes of ships and boats, and pala
temples, but never rightly any thing tha
be called a church, or that could satisfy m
its form. Sometimes I thought it must

our house, and sometimes I fancied it must be more like the house of our neighbour Mr. Sutton, which was bigger and handsomer than ours. Sometimes I thought it was a great hollow cave, such as I have heard my father say the first inhabitants of the earth dwelt in. Then I thought it was like a wagon, or a cart, and that it must be something moveable. The shape of it ran in my mind strangely, and one day I ventured to ask my mother, what was that foolish thing she was always longing to go to, and which she called a church. Was it any thing to eat or drink, or was it only like a great huge plaything, to be seen and stared at?—I was not quite five years of age when I made this inquiry.

This question, so oddly put, made my mother smile; but in a little time she put on a more grave look, and informed me, that a church was nothing that I had supposed it, but it was a great building, far greater than any house which I had seen, where men, and women, and children, came together twice a day on Sundays, to hear the Bible read, and make good resolutions for the week to come. She told me, that the fine music which we sometimes heard in the air, came from the bells

St. Mary's church, and that we never heard it but when the wind was in a particular point. This raised my wonder more than all the rest; for I had somehow conceived that the noise which I heard, was occasioned by birds up in the air, or that it was made by the angels, whom (so ignorant I was till that time) I had always considered to be a sort of birds: for before this time I was totally ignorant of any thing like religion, it being a principle of my father, that young heads should not be told too many things at once, for fear they should get confused ideas and no clear notions of any thing. We had always indeed so far observed Sundays, that no work was done upon that day, and upon that day I wore my best muslin frock, and was not allowed to sing or to be noisy; but I never understood why that day should differ from any other. We had no public meetings: indeed the few straggling houses which were near us, would have furnished but a slender congregation; and the loneliness of the place we lived in, instead of making us more sociable, and drawing us closer together, as my mother used to say it ought to have done, seemed to have the effect of making

us more distant and averse to society than other people. One or two good neighbours indeed we had, but not in numbers to give me an idea of church attendance.

But now my mother thought it high time to give me some clearer instruction in the main points of religion, and my father came readily into her plan. I was now permitted to sit up half an hour later on a Sunday evening, that I might hear a portion of Scripture read, which had always been their custom, though by reason of my tender age, and my father's opinion on the impropriety of children being taught too young, I had never till now been an auditor. I was taught my prayers, and those things which you, ladies, I doubt not, had the benefit of being instructed in at a much earlier age.

The clearer my notions on these points became, they only made me more passionately long for the privilege of joining in that social service, from which it seemed that we alone, of all the inhabitants of the land, were debarred; and when the wind was in that point which enabled the sound of the distant bells of St. Mary's to be heard over the great moor which skirted our house, I have stood out in the air

to catch the sounds, which I almost devoured, and the tears have come in my eyes, when sometimes they seemed to speak to me almost in articulate sounds, to *come to church*, and because of the great moor which was between me and them I could not come; and the too tender apprehensions of these things have filled me with a religious melancholy. With thoughts like these I entered into my seventh year.

And now the time was come, when the great moor was no longer to separate me from the object of my wishes and of my curiosity. My father having some money left him by the will of a deceased relation, we ventured to set up a sort of a carriage—no very superb one, I assure you, ladies; but in that part of the world it was looked upon with some envy by our poorer neighbours. The first party of pleasure which my father proposed to take in it, was to the village where I had so often wished to go, and my mother and I were to accompany him; for it was very fit, my father observed, that little Susan should go to church, and learn how to behave herself, for we might some time or other have occasion to live in London, and not *always* be confined to that out-of-the-way spot.

It was on a Sunday morning that we set out, my little heart beating with almost breathless expectation. The day was fine, and the roads as good as they ever are in those parts. I was so happy and so proud! I was lost in dreams of what I was going to see. At length the tall steeple of St. Mary's church came in view. It was pointed out to me by my father, as the place from which that music had come, which I had heard over the moor, and had fancied to be angels singing. I was wound up to the highest pitch of delight, at having visibly presented to me the spot from which had proceeded that unknown friendly music; and when it began to peal, just as we approached the village, it seemed to speak, *Susan is come*, as plainly as it used to invite me *to come*, when I heard it over the moor. I pass over our alighting at the house of a relation, and all that passed till I went with my father and mother to church.

St. Mary's church is a great church for such a small village as it stands in. My father said it had been a cathedral, and that it had once belonged to a monastery, but the monks were all gone. Over the door there was stone work, representing saints and bishops, and here and

there, along the sides of the church, there were figures of men's heads, made in a strange grotesque way: I have since seen the same sort of figures in the round tower of the Temple-church in London. My father said they were very improper ornaments for such a place, and so I now think them; but it seems the people who built these great churches in old times, gave themselves more liberties than they do now; and I remember that when I first saw them, and before my father had made this observation, though they were so ugly and out of shape, and some of them seemed to be grinning and distorting their features with pain or with laughter, yet being placed upon a church, to which I had come with such serious thoughts I could not help thinking they had some serious meaning; and I looked at them with wonder but without any temptation to laugh. I soon how fancied they were the representation wicked people set up as a warning.

When we got into the church, the service not begun, and my father kindly took round, to show me the monuments and thing else remarkable. I remember seeing of a venerable figure, which my father s

been a judge. The figure was kneeling as if it was alive, before a sort of desk, with a book, I suppose the Bible, lying on it. I somehow fancied the figure had a sort of life in it, it seemed so natural, or that the dead judge that it was done for, said his prayers at it still. This was a silly notion, but I was very young, and had passed my little life in a remote place, where I had never seen any thing or knew any thing; and the awe which I felt at first being in a church, took from me all power but that of wondering. I did not reason about any thing; I was too young. Now I understand why monuments are put up for the dead, and why the figures which are put upon them are described as doing the actions which they did in their lifetimes, and that they are a sort of pictures set up for our instruction. But all was new and surprising to me on that day—the long windows with little panes, the pillars, the pews made of oak, the little hassocks for the people to kneel on, the form of the pulpit, with the sounding-board over it, gracefully carved in flower-work. To you, who have lived all your lives in populous places, and have been taken to church from the earliest time you

can remember, my admiration of the
must appear strangely ignorant. Bu
lonely young creature, that had been
up in remote places, where there wa
church nor church-going inhabitants.
since lived in great towns, and seen t
of churches and of worship, and I
enough now to distinguish between
essential in religion, and what is merel
or ornamental.

When my father had done pointi
me the things most worthy of notice a
church, the service was almost ready t
the parishioners had most of them ent
taken their seats; and we were show
pew, where my mother was already
Soon after, the clergyman entered, and t
began to play what is called the v
I had never seen so many people assem
fore. At first I thought that all eyes w
me, and that because I was a stranger.
terribly ashamed and confused at first;
mother helped me to find out the plac
Prayer-book, and being busy about t
off some of my painful apprehensions.
no stranger to the order of the service

often read in the Prayer-book at home; but my thoughts being confused, it puzzled me a little to find out the responses and other things, which I thought I knew so well; but I went through it tolerably well. One thing which has often troubled me since, is, that I am afraid I was too full of myself, and of thinking how happy I was, and what a privilege it was for one that was so young, to join in the service with so many grown people, so that I did not attend enough to the instruction which I might have received. I remember, I foolishly applied every thing that was said to myself, so as it could mean nobody but myself, I was so full of my own thoughts. All that assembly of people seemed to me as if they were come together only to show me the way of a church. Not but I received some very affecting impressions from some things which I heard that day: but the standing up and the sitting down of the people; the organ; the singing:—the way of all these things took up more of my attention than was proper; or I thought it did. I believe I behaved better, and was more serious when I went the second time, and a third time: for now we went as a regular

thing every Sunday, and continued to do so, till by a still further change for the better in my father's circumstances, we removed to London. Oh! it was a happy day for me my first going to St. Mary's church; before that day I used to feel like a little outcast in the wilderness, like one that did not belong to the world of christian people. I have never felt like a little outcast since. But I never can hear the sweet noise of bells, that I don't think of the angels singing, and what poor but pretty thoughts I had of angels in my uninstructed solitude.

X.

ARABELLA HARDY.

I WAS born in the East Indies. I lost my father and mother young. At the age of five, my relations thought it proper that I should be sent to England for my education. I was to be entrusted to the care of a young woman who had a character for great humanity and discretion; but just as I had taken leave of my friends, and we were about to take our passage, the young woman suddenly fell sick, and could not go on board. In this unpleasant emergency, no one knew how to act. The ship was at the very point of sailing, and it was the last which was to sail for the season. At last the captain, who was known to my friends, prevailed upon my relation who had come with us to see us embark, to leave the young woman on shore, and to let me embark

separately. There was no possibility
any other female attendant for me, in
time allotted for our preparation; and
portunity of going by that ship was
too valuable to be lost. No other la
pened to be going, and so I was cons
the care of the captain and his crew
and unaccustomed attendants for
creature, delicately brought up as I h
but indeed they did their best to make
feel the difference. The unpolished sail
my nursery-maids and my waiting
Every thing was done by the captain
men to accommodate me and make
I had a little room made out of th
which was to be considered as my r
nobody might enter into it. The first n
a great character for bravery, and al
like accomplishments; but with all thi
a gentleness of manners, and a pale,
cast of face, from ill health and a weal
stitution, which subjected him to some
from the officers, and caused him to b
Betsy. He did not much like the app
but he submitted to it the better, say
those who gave him a woman's na

knew that he had a man's heart, and that in the face of danger he would go as far as any man. To this young man, whose real name was Charles Atkinson, by a lucky thought of the captain, the care of me was especially entrusted. Betsy was proud of his charge, and, to do him justice, acquitted himself with great diligence and adroitness through the whole of the voyage. From the beginning I had somehow looked upon Betsy as a woman, hearing him so spoken of, and this reconciled me in some measure to the want of a maid, which I had been used to. But I was a manageable girl at all times, and gave nobody much trouble.

I have not knowledge enough to give an account of my voyage, or to remember the names of the seas we passed through, or the lands which we touched upon, in our course. The chief thing I can rememder (for I do not recollect the events of the voyage in any order,) was Atkinson taking me upon deck, to see the great whales playing about in the sea. There was one great whale came bounding up out of the sea, and then he would dive into it again, and then would come up at a distance where nobody expected him, and

another whale was following after him. Atkinson said they were at play, and that the lesser whale loved that bigger whale, and kept it company all through the wide seas: but I thought it strange play, and a frightful kind of love; for I every minute expected they would come up to our ship, and toss it. But Atkinson said a whale was a gentle creature, and it was a sort of sea-elephant, and that the most powerful creatures in nature are always the least hurtful. And he told me how men went out to take these whales, and stuck long pointed darts into them; and how the sea was discoloured with the blood of these poor whales for many miles' distance: and I admired the courage of the men, but I was sorry for the inoffensive whale. Many other pretty sights he used to show me, when he was not on watch, or doing some duty for the ship. No one was more attentive to his duty than he; but at such times as he had leisure, he would show me all pretty sea-sights:—the dolphins and porpoises that came before a storm, and all the colours which the sea changed to; how sometimes it was a deep blue, and then a deep green, and sometimes it would seem all on fire; all these various

appearances he would show me, and attempt to explain the reason of them to me, as well as my young capacity would admit of. There was a lion and a tiger on board, going to England as a present to the king, and it was a great diversion to Atkinson and me, after I had got rid of my first terrors, to see the ways of these beasts in their dens, and how venturous the sailors were in putting their hands through the grates, and patting their rough coats. Some of the men had monkeys, which ran loose about, and the sport was for the men to lose them, and find them again. The monkeys would run up the shrouds, and pass from rope to rope, with ten times greater alacrity than the most experienced sailor could follow them; and sometimes they would hide themselves in the most unthought-of places, and when they were found, they would grin, and make mouths, as if they had sense. Atkinson described to me the ways of these little animals in their native woods, for he had seen them. Oh, how many ways he thought of to amuse me in that long voyage!

Sometimes he would describe to me the odd shapes and varieties of fishes that were in the sea, and tell me tales of the sea-monsters that lv-

hid at the bottom, and were seldom seen by men; and what a glorious sight it would be, if our eyes could be sharpened to behold all the inhabitants of the sea at once, swimming in the great deeps, as plain as we see the gold and silver fish in a bowl of glass. With such notions he enlarged my infant capacity to take in many things.

When in foul weather I have been terrified at the motion of the vessel, as it rocked backwards and forwards, he would still my fears, and tell me that I used to be rocked so once in a cradle, and that the sea was God's bed, and the ship our cradle, and we were as safe in that greater motion, as when we felt that lesser one in our little wooden sleeping-places. When the wind was up, and sang through the sails, and disturbed me with its violent clamours, he would call it music, and bid me hark to the sea-organ, and with that name he quieted my tender apprehensions. When I have looked around with a mournful face at seeing all *men* about me, he would enter into my thoughts, and tell me pretty stories of his mother and his sisters, and a female cousin that he loved better than his *sisters*, whom he called Jenny, and say that

when we got to England I should go and see them, and how fond Jenny would be of his little daughter, as he called me; and with these images of women and females which he raised in my fancy, he quieted me for a while. One time, and never but once, he told me that Jenny had promised to be his wife if ever he came to England, but that he had his doubts whether he should live to get home, for he was very sickly. This made me cry bitterly.

That I dwell so long upon the attention of this Atkinson, is only because his death, which happened just before we got to England, affected me so much, that he alone of all the ship's crew has engrossed my mind ever since; though indeed the captain and all were singularly kind to me, and strove to make up for my uneasy and unnatural situation. The boatswain would pipe for my diversion, and the sailor-boy would climb the dangerous mast for my sport. The rough foremost-man would never willingly appear before me, till he had combed his long black hair smooth and sleek, not to terrify me. The officers got up a sort of play for my amusement, and Atkinson, or, as they called him, Betsy, acted the heroine of the piece. All ways that

could be contrived, were thought upon, to reconcile me to my lot. I was the universal favourite; I do not know how deservedly; but I suppose it was because I was alone, and there was no female in the ship besides me. Had I come over with female relations or attendants, I should have exited no particular curiosity; I should have required no uncommon attentions. I was one little woman among a crew of men; and I believe the homage which I have read that men universally pay to women, was in this case directed to me, in the absence of all other womenkind. I do not know how that might be, but I was a little princess among them, and I was not six years old.

I remember the first drawback which happened to my comfort was Atkinson's not appearing the whole of one day. The captain tried to reconcile me to it, by saying that Mr. Atkinson was confined to his cabin; that he was not quite well, but a day or two would restore him. I begged to be taken to see him, but this was not granted. A day, and then another came and another, and no Atkinson was visible, and I saw apparent solicitude in *the faces* of all the officers, who nevertheless

strove to put on their best countenances before me, and to be more than usually kind to me. At length, by the desire of Atkinson himself, as I have since learned, I was permitted to go into his cabin and see him. He was sitting up, apparently in a state of great exhaustion; but his face lighted up when he saw me, and he kissed me, and told me that he was going a great voyage, far longer than that which we had passed together, and he should never come back; and though I was so young, I understood well enough that he meant this of his death, and I cried sadly; but he comforted me, and told me, that I must be his little executrix, and perform his last will, and bear his last words to his mother and his sisters, and to his cousin Jenny, whom I should see in a short time; and he gave me his blessing, as a father would bless his child, and he sent a last kiss by me to all his female relations, and he made me promise that I would go and see them when I got to England, and soon after this he died; but I was in another part of the ship when he died, and I was not told it till we got to shore, which was a few days after; but they kept telling me that he was better and better, and that I should soon

him, but that it disturbed him to talk with one. Oh, what a grief it was, when I learned I had lost an old ship-mate, that had made irksome situation so bearable by his kind a duities; and to think that he was gone, a could never repay him for his kindness!

When I had been a year and a half in E land, the captain, who had made another v age to India and back, thinking that time alleviated a little the sorrow of Atkinson's r tions, prevailed upon my friends who had care of me in England, to let him introduce to Atkinson's mother and sisters. Jenny no more; she had died in the interval, an never saw her. Grief for his death had brou on a consumption, of which she lingered ab a twelvemonth, and then expired. But in mother and the sisters of this excellent yo man, I have found the most valuable friend possess on this side of the great ocean. They ceived me from the captain as the little *prot* of Atkinson, and from them I have lear passages of his former life; and this in pa cular, that the illness of which he died brought on by a wound of which he ne *quite* recovered, which he got in the despe

attempt, when he was quite a boy, to defend his captain against a superior force of the enemy which had boarded him, and which, by his premature valour, inspiriting the men, they finally succeeded in repulsing. This was that Atkinson, who, from his pale and feminine appearance, was called Betsy; this was he whose womanly care of me got me the name of a woman; who, with more than female attention, condescended to play the handmaid to a little unaccompanied orphan that fortune had cast upon the care of a rough sea captain and his rougher crew.